



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

PRINCE BISMARCK is dead. It strikes me that the ordinary reader cares little to know the rise and progress of this great man except as it proves that any man may rise and be "the great I am" of a nation, and that the nation may get along quite well without him. No ordinary lesson can be learned from the life of a man like Bismarck. The possibilities of a career may be outlined by what the great man did, but the youth of a country would be misled if they all started out to be Bismarcks. Gladstone's demise has turned the attention probably of the school-teachers of the Empire to the extraordinary influence that the one-time Prime Minister exercised. No doubt the youth of the country is being prodded up to be Gladstones and Salisburys and Bismarcks, but you could no more make a Gladstone or a Bismarck or a Salisbury by prodding a boy along than you could hatch a bull-dog out of a goose egg. I am entirely opposed to this prodding business if the object prodded is being pushed up to a statesmanlike position. We might really just as well prod a boy along and beat him as his gait becomes uncertain, towards being a prophet, a priest, a king, anything. We cannot beat or coax our boys up into these things. In the United States everybody is being educated for being President. In our own country we are trying to make people better than education and opportunity suggest. As a matter of fact, the whole propaganda should be in favor of teaching people to earn something, to make something, to invent something, to do something to help the whole human outfit. If we do this properly in our public schools the educational expenses of Canada will repay themselves, but the idea of education and ambition seems to be all in the direction of doing something distinguished and extraordinary and generally useless. The youth who works along the lines of doing what is necessary, and adding to what is necessary the simple suggestion of what makes the necessary thing a little cheaper, is the millionaire of the future and the man who receives his reward as he goes along.

What we must do is a serious problem with everybody. How we shall do what we have to do is an unsolved problem. The majority of people admit that we have to do a certain thing and they are in the habit of doing it in a certain way and it is done in that way. It may be expensive; it may be uncomfortable; it may be difficult in a half a dozen features. The career of the young man should be on the lines of making the "have to do" business comfortable, attractive, economic. It should not be hard to do this, for there is nothing so unbecoming in the habits of people as the thing that everybody does. We presume that everybody must do it that way, but it is not a fact. Everything may be changed; and when I saw a horse walking backward during his work on our own building—to save a pulley—it struck me that if many of the things which are being manipulated by supposedly great contractors were handled by a crazy man who would make everything go backward and the people all do what he conceives they possibly might do, engineering would be simplified and the whole work in a great concern revolutionized. Of course these things only come to the surface occasionally, and yet it is the occasion that makes the fortune of a contractor, and looking for the occasion makes a man, and maybe a millionaire, of the boy.

FOR nearly a week past the daily papers of Toronto have teemed with eulogies of Archbishop Walsh. That he was a Christian gentleman is perhaps the best that could be said of any man who has passed away. Those of his own creed may speak of him as an erudite scholar, but the community will remember him as one who brought peace into his diocese both with regard to the priests who ministered under his direction and as to the attitude of those who differed very materially with him on sectarian points. Those of us who are not within the sacred pale of the Church have few opportunities of judging of the worth of an archbishop, yet we sometimes are more accurate in sizing up a man than are those who look upon a great episcopal personage as being superior to criticism. I have often noticed the late Archbishop in a car and rather marveled at the scrupulousness of his attire. He was careful that his clothes fitted him, that his boots were carefully polished, and he carried himself with the grave, dignified manner of one who thought of greater things than his apparel. I think a man who dresses himself properly and has a dignified manner, excites a great deal of public respect. Outside of his good or bad living the Protestant public had little to do and had little means of knowing how the reverend gentleman conducted himself, but he always impressed them favorably. When he had aught to say of the world of religion and letters he said it as one who spoke with authority, and I think it is quite safe to say that no clergyman in Toronto was so universally respected as the late lamented Archbishop.

I knew him twenty-seven years ago when, as a student of a doctor in London, I had occasion to meet him, and no clergyman ever excited respect in my rather disrespectful heart more than Archbishop Walsh. My work was very largely in his parish, and the same grave and kindly man was loved as few people have been loved on this hard and unloving earth. It seems almost useless to offer a tribute to that good and kind and great old man, yet no one could be more anxious to add something to what has been said than I am. His obsequies are and have been a great tribute to one who was so singularly fitted to be at the head of the Church in a city which is not at all devoted to Roman Catholicism. Words are feeble to express an idea when the people themselves are expressing it. Those who talk and write are very unimportant when those who think and love are every moment doing everything that the heart can dictate to make the funeral of a lovely old man conspicuous by the devotion of those who loved him and could be called upon for no sacrifice which they would not readily yield.

Archbishop Walsh was a man who had a vast reserve force. Seen either in his room or at a public gathering, or clothed in what I always think is a semi-barbaric vesture, he was the same grand type whose very presence suggested that he might do many things which he had not the slightest ambition to attempt. I do not share the view that he was specially great, but I am thoroughly convinced that there were very few people in Toronto, either in his church or in the churches which disagree with Roman Catholicism, who had such a great reserve force. His rule in this diocese has been one of peace and prosperity. He succeeded an archbishop who was choleric and disposed to say and do things which irritated the general public. His incoming was not thoroughly peaceful, but surely those who fold his hands over his heart will remember that since he has had the saying and ruling in this diocese there has been perfect peace. That grave and kindly old face which looked up at the thousands who have gone to St. Michael's to do him honor, has been a signal of peace, paternity, kindness, and no man has passed away from life in this city who will be remembered with greater kindness than Archbishop Walsh.

The ways of commerce and the professions are beset with many troublesome things, and the life of an ecclesiastic cannot be without its difficulties, but, Protestant and Catholic alike, we must all say that when a man like Archbishop Walsh goes over the great divide which separates us from a different world it is a beautiful thing to be a good, stately, grave administrator of spiritual things. Never, possibly, before in the history of this city have all people joined hands so unanimously and magnanimously to say farewell to a father in Israel whose traditional

impulses have been so largely opposed to what we generally believe.

The appointment of his successor is necessarily made difficult by the fact that so great a man has to be succeeded. Canvass as we may the whole diocese, the whole of Canada, we find no other Archbishop Walsh. His successor will be criticized, not so much because he is weak, but because only once in a generation does either the Church, or politics, or law, or medicine give us a man so thoroughly fitted for the place. Where in any walk of life can we find another who has all the attributes of an archbishop? Where is there such another figure? Where so thorough a gentleman combined with so thorough a churchman? Even Roman Catholicism does not appreciate its loss, and will not until they endeavor to replace that strong, dignified, gentle, loving old man who passed away without his sickness being heralded for an hour. However, this is not our business. People die and are forgotten in an hour. The daily papers say that it was a terrible shock. I am not quite sure that people are capable of being shocked, but they are capable of being sorry, and I would rather lie in state loved by as many people as Archbishop Walsh was loved by, than be premier of the world. It is a lovely thing.

domestic peace and the affection for one another which people should always feel when they are of one family. The *Mail and Empire* seems to be pursuing Hon. Postmaster-General with a hatred suggesting a personal difference which should have nothing to do with public business. Admittedly our Postmaster-General has done great things, and why not permit him to have the credit for it? It is rather an unlovely thing for a Canadian newspaper to make the attempt to divest one of our own prominent citizens of a large share in a great and proper enterprise. Does the *Mail and Empire* think that anyone will thank it for calling up unpleasant memories and saying bitter things about men who should be well treated by the whole community? Fortunately public opinion is stronger than private malignity, and when unkind and untrue and thoroughly unpatriotic things are being said, the evil comes to the one who is evil-minded. Whether the Postmaster-General receives a title or not is unimportant to those who know him. As an administrator of a department in which everyone is interested he has done exceedingly well. He has cheapened the cost of communicating with the heart of the Empire; he has been a pioneer in bringing about reforms which everyone appreciates. While I have no reason to write any particular eulogy of a man whose life has all

surprising to read his manifesto, but he rather misjudges himself; there are others who think they have some say in the political propaganda in which he has made himself so prominent. He is kind enough to tell us that he will make no vigorous campaign against the Government this summer in order that they may negotiate with the United States and Great Britain and do what would be impossible to be done if he raised his Ebenezer. We are not quite sure that the Ebenezer of Sir Charles Tupper is such a terrible thing to be raised, for it has been raised ineffectually more than once. We have heard him holler and have seen him sit down, but the first thing that is likely to happen him will be that his own party will ask him to sit down. He is not the Bismarck, nor the Gladstone, nor the Salisbury of Canadian Conservatives. Hon. George Foster thinks he has been working at this scheme long enough to be consulted. Mr. Clarke Wallace thinks that he has some little say; I am quite sure he has. Remembering these things and the fact that there are probably a hundred Conservative members of various parliaments who think they are an authority on what should be done and can be done, Sir Charles shows undue appreciation of himself when he declares that he, the Conservative party, will forego all active measures until the Government has had a chance to confer with the United States. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., is becoming preposterous. His virility and capacity for work are admired by everybody, but his pretension to be it and his notion that anybody may be misled by his loudness of speech are absurd. Somebody ought to lead Sir Charles aside and induce him to sit still for a few minutes. If the country got a rest from him for sixteen or seventeen minutes they would probably prize him more. The everlasting blast of egotism that he gives us is wearisome. People hate to be threatened with somebody who is going to do his durndest later on. When we have a fight let us have it; we do not want these mutterings of distant thunder all the time.

HAVE the advertisement here of the Prohibitionists, taken from the *Royal Templar Advocate* of August. It certainly cannot do Prohibition any particular good to reproduce the advertisement, and as I believe that Prohibition would not prohibit, yet without any charge to the gentlemen who are engineering this enterprise, I give the whole thing, which occupied half a page:

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? IN THIS PLEBISCITE CAMPAIGN?

"WE SHOULD FOLLOW IN HIS STEPS."

I Peter, ii chapter, 21st verse: "Leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps."

Would He remain quietly at home taking His ease, or would He be up and doing, using His every talent and every influence until every possible vote was polled?

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

Would not His answer be to those who might accuse Him of being overzealous as in Luke, ii chapter, 49 verse: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

HOW WOULD JESUS VOTE?

Is there any question as to how Jesus would mark his ballot? Then you must do as Jesus would do if you would follow in his steps; if not the question may come to you as in Luke, vi chapter, 46 verse: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

"AS YE SOW, SO MUST YE ALSO REAP."

If you vote to uphold the liquor traffic its effect may come home to you. See Matthew, vi chapter, 7 verse: "Ye shall receive; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

WORDS ADAPTED FROM JEREMIAH.

Jeremiah depicts this demoralizing business and its results to the nation.

Jeremiah, v, chapter, 26-28 verses: "For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men."

As a cage is full of birds so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they have become great and waxen rich.

They are waxen fat, they shine; yea, they outstrip the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge.

"Shall I not visit for this, saith the Lord, shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Why should people try to change the meaning of the Scriptures? Why should those who are self-elected leaders of a certain section of society try to mislead us and falsify that which we know to be true? Surely we have all read about Christ and His mission, and we know that when He was at the marriage at Cana of Galilee He made wine out of water and did as the gentlemen of our own time would have done. He was not a prohibitionist, and when they ask in their advertisement, "What would Jesus do in this plebiscite campaign?" the easiest answer would be that He would do as He did before. He was not a prohibitionist when He was on earth, and would not be a prohibitionist now. It seems to me a scandal—and I have always tried to avoid being a scandal-monger—to introduce a question like this in a matter which concerns people who are anxious to do right but some of whom cannot divest themselves from the traditions of those who say that any kind of intoxicant is an evil. They may be right, but they are not following the precept or example of the God-man who came and lived with us to show us how we should act. When they ask, "What would Jesus do in this plebiscite campaign?" they are asking what God would do. If God did not desire that intoxicants should be made and that people should be tempted and the weak should fall, why did God offer us the temptation and provide us with that which sometimes makes the weak drop by the way?

They have asked a question which is exceedingly pertinent to the enquiry now going on, and if they answer it as Christ himself answered it they will vote against Prohibition. Those who read the advertisement will see how painfully the spirit of the precepts of Christ have been altered to suit the situation. It is a shame to do this. They may think they are doing right, but they are doing a very great wrong. Nothing can excuse any body of people for misapplying that which is held sacred, for the purpose of influencing a vote. They must be poor judges of humanity and very poor readers of Scripture who put out this sort of thing. If so-called religious people wish to mislead, let them mislead cleverly and not clumsily. What they have to say is before us, and the people should be the best judge of its sincerity or its wisdom.

DEAR SIR,—I am one of those unhappy men whose families are away summering, and on Sunday I comforted myself by writing a long letter to my wife, and wished to post it in the evening. I had no stamp, I live in Parkdale and went to the nearest drug store to buy a stamp. The druggist refused to sell me one, and when I asked where I could get one he said that as the branch post-office was in Gray's drug store further along the street, perhaps I could get one there. I tried, but was again refused. "The drug store and the branch post-office are separate," said the clerk, "and the post-office is shut on Sunday. The drug store doesn't sell stamps." He could not tell me where I could get a postage stamp, and I was compelled to hunt around two hotels before I found a desperate character who was willing to break the laws by selling me a stamp. Isn't this a good city because it takes such pains to save me from the crime of mailing a letter to my wife?

PARKDALIAN.

The anger of "Parkdalian" has no doubt been felt very often by others who have been put to like inconvenience in posting a letter on a Sunday. If it is wrong to write letters on Sunday why not nail up the letter-boxes and cease collecting mail matter on Sunday nights? If letters may be posted, why harass and vex and provoke unchristian anger in the breasts of men who write letters to their absent families, by causing them to search all over the city for some man who will sell a stamp although not licensed to do so? Would it not be better to permit any druggist to sell stamps on Sundays rather than have him doing it on the sly to favored persons and doing it with the air and conscience of a criminal? A man never knows when he may need to write a letter or send a telegram. He can send a telegram on Sunday, he can use the telephone—of all the means of communication the simplest and quietest should not be denied him, and unless the people who demand absolute stillness and stagna-



THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK.

As it happened, just as the Archbishop was passing away a group of men were talking in the Granite Club about the preachers of the city who were gentlemen and declined to be busybodies and disturbers of the peace. There was not a Roman Catholic in the party, and yet everyone decided that there was no man who was filling a great position and was such a perfect gentleman as the man who happened at that moment to be going to meet his God. We all forget about the Pope and the terrible things we think about the Church of Rome, when a great and good personage is under discussion. I have none of the pious joy that people feel at a great man's funeral. I am not afflicted with that terrible mania for seeing dead people. Life is hard enough for me escaping from live people who want me to do something that I do not care to do and which I think I ought not to do, but I do care something about this sad removal from our midst of a peace-maker and a gentle soul. Surely if we pray at all we should pray that all churches should give us this kind of an administrator; that spiritual things, which should be peaceful to us, should not be infested by the terrible recriminations and arguments of those who think everything of doctrine and nothing of peace. Wouldn't we be more inclined to religion and more influenced by it if, instead of agitators and busybodies, we had more gentlemen in the pulpit, more who tried to make the path to heaven easy without compromising what is held to be essential by the various denominations, and yet insistent upon good conduct, good living and peace? We have seen something of war, and this generation will now know a little something about the beauties of peace; and no matter who is appointed to succeed Archbishop Walsh in this diocese, where there are many more Orangemen than Catholics, for God's sake give us a man of peace.

DO not think that the people of Canada will admire the course of the *Mail and Empire* in belittling Hon. William Mulock's share in obtaining Imperial penny postage. Canadians like to see their own people benefited by those reasonable and prudent things they do which tend towards unifying the Empire and leading up to an understanding which means

been devotion to a task of some sort. It seems to me improper that anyone should devote oneself to writing him down. To be continually recalling the painful incident of the Farmers' Loan is not happy, for Mr. Mulock gave up two hundred thousand dollars while men almost as rich, in a group only gave up sixteen thousand dollars, indicating that he is more generous than those who also made the mistake of carrying on a business which was unprofitable. Opportunity was unfortunately offered for sandbagging a man whose life has been as clean and decent, and whose business methods have been as careful as the best in the whole community, but why should these opportunities be employed? He did what he could; he did what no other man in Canada ever did. Take from the failures of the banks in Canada and every enterprise that has failed, who ever did as much? When a man of this sort is doing his country the best service that in him lies; when privately he has done more than any other man ever did to repair a company wrong, why should he always feel the knife of the assassin in his back? There is nothing smart about it, and the sooner it is dropped the better. Unless I am very much mistaken, public sympathy will go to the one who is accomplishing something, to the one who has paid for his mistakes, and to the one who is making Canada known as the chief colony of Great Britain.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is again on deck. He seems to be the irrepresible and ever-recurring humorist of the Conservative party. Without having any opportunity to consult with his colleagues, or those who are supposed to be his colleagues, he has barely touched his native shore before putting forth a manifesto which was so ridiculous that even his own friends could hardly repress their mirth when reading it. As usual he tells us he is a great patriot. We quite believe this; we have been told it so often that it really would be difficult to discover Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., as anything but a patriot. He has found it rather a profitable business, and no one is surprised to see the good thing pushed along as he pushes it.

If he were the entire Conservative party it would not be

tion on Sunday wish to provoke a campaign that will end in the central and branch postoffices being open during certain hours on Sundays, they should favor the suggestion that the drug stores, which must remain open, be permitted to vend stamps on Sundays.

THE special session of the Legislature opened on Wednesday. No doubt the Government counted noses before the session was called. The complexion of the whole thing has changed even since it was called, and, as Mr. Whitney will no doubt admit, there are three features of a legislature which have nothing to do with the constitution—the opening of it, the keeping open of it, and the closing of it. There are many rules which govern this sort of thing, but it would appear at the moment of writing that Premier Hardy fairly well understands the situation.

THE results of the work of the International Commission cannot be underrated. Canada must have what is right, and Canada was never more open-eyed than now in watching the performances which mean so much to her. The whole country is expectant and somewhat suspicious. The attitude of the people is that of looking for something good, yet fearing evil. We cannot favor Britain and hurt ourselves, for the multitude will take the intention of favoring Great Britain as a disguised tendency of the Canadian delegation to favor the United States. Under no circumstances can we yield to the United States. No one will consider that what is done is for Britain's sake, but with the Liberal Government in power the people will say it was done because the Grits desired to pass the power to Washington which ought to be exercised in Ottawa. Don.

Three Able Men Pass over.

TORONTO, AUGUST 2ND, 1898.

DEAR DON,—It is a curious coincidence that within two days three great men *facile princeps* in their own lines should have passed over to the majority—Prince Bismarck as the first of statesmen, Archbishop Walsh as the first of Ontario Catholic prelates, and Principal Caird, the first of the Presbyterian theologians and pulpit orators in Scotland. The newspapers have given out everything possible in the way of criticism and eulogy of the first two named, but not so much is known in Canada with regard to Principal Caird, except among the Scottish Presbyterians who have recently come here. He was, like the other two, devoted entirely to his work. Although he was married he allowed no outside affairs to interfere with his studies. When he was chosen as pastor of the richest and most influential Presbyterian Church in Scotland, (Park Church of Glasgow), of which the congregation were merchant princes, he refused all invitations to dine outside. He did not wish to make fish of one and flesh of another, cause jealousy and interfere with the work to which he had devoted himself. After his appointment to Park Church his reputation was so great for pulpit oratory that policemen were required at the doors every Sunday to keep out the crowd until the congregation could get into their seats, and what he gave was not from, but high school thought clad in the purest English. Anyone who reads his works will find that every line is in poetic prose. He, like the others, died full of years and of honors. When Professor Hill died nobody thought that the popular preacher would apply to be Professor of Divinity, but he did, and obtained the appointment. When Principal Barclay died he succeeded to the richest, if not the greatest, university in Scotland as principal. In that position he carried out the rule that he had made for his parochial work, nothing but business—he confined himself to his executive work in the university and to his studies. He was a member of the Broad Church and had the greatest contempt for all the meetings of the Presbyterian courts. He never attended a meeting of the Presbytery, or Synod or Assembly. He was accused several times of heresy—paid no attention to the accusations, but there was not a man who commanded more respect than he, not only from his congregation and from his students, but from the people of Scotland, because of his commanding ability and his great, wide, high ideal. He was a close student of Hegel and Schlegel, and these famous Germans broadened his views, and when once he discovered the strength of the German Philosophy he studied it in communion with his brother, Prof. Edward Caird, formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in Glasgow University, and now, I believe, a Professor in Cambridge University. What work he did will be best found out by the returns of the students who came under his influence. His influence was, according to Matthew Arnold, *one making for righteousness, and creed had little to do with him*. These are some particulars which may interest a good many of your readers. His successor is one of the same type, but not of the same commanding ability. Professor Storey no doubt owes his appointment as Principal of Glasgow University to his personal friendship with the Duke of Argyll, because he was Parish Minister of Roseneath in Dumfriesshire, one of the Duke's estates, and if I am not mistaken baptized nearly all his children. He is a man of broad views, but more sarcastic than Principal Caird was. A keen critic, but a man who will make himself respected. It is good in these days to find that when so many great men have gone there are others who, if they cannot step into their shoes, will fill shoes measured for themselves. Yours truly, ESAT.

Thirty Years a Detective.

Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the detective bureau to which Wilkes and Dougherty, now at Nanapanee, belong, was a famous criminal hunter, and he wrote a book embodying his experiences entitled *Thirty Years a Detective*. This book has become the text-book of the business, and is read and studied by detectives and burglars alike. It may be interesting to make a few quotations from that work, which has no doubt been read by such professional experts as Fare and Holden, and certainly by Wilkes and Dougherty, followers of their great chief. To quote from page 310 it seems that bank robbers have a fancy for doing their work in such a way as to throw the blame on bank clerks:

There is a method which has been put into practice upon single-door safes with a great deal of success, and which has frequently caused suspicion to rest upon some innocent young clerk in the employ of the bank. The operation is simple and only requires correct calculation. All safes are supposed to have three bolts, one at the top, one at the bottom and one at the center, but all connected by one bar, and, as a consequence, if one bolt is knocked out, the others share the same fate and are rendered useless. The plan, therefore, is for the burglar to calculate the position of the center bolt and the point at which this bolt comes out upon the outside, and then to drill a hole directly opposite this point. When the hole has been drilled through to the edge of the bolt they insert a steel punch, and then with a good strong blow or two with a heavy hammer the bolts are completely demoralized. The safe is then opened, the money extracted, the safe closed, the hole in the side plugged up, and no one is able to tell without a thorough examination just how the work was done.

He tells us that of late years the banks in the larger cities are ignored, and attention given to smaller cities and towns, where vigilance is less keen. The practice is for the burglars, or members of the gang, to "hang about the outskirts of the town for weeks or perhaps months" studying the habits of the bank officials and clerks, their hours of coming and going, their places of residence, and finally making repeated visits to the bank examining the premises thoroughly and leaving no trace of their visits. Pinkerton says on page 270:

One of the methods resorted to by some of the more expert of this class of burglars, and where heavy robberies are contemplated, is to ascertain, by watching the residence of the cashier, and then to gain an entrance to his sleeping apartment by the measures resorted to by house-breakers or hotel thieves. By this means wax impressions of the keys to the bank building, the vault and the safe have been obtained while the cashier slumbered on peacefully and entirely unconscious of the presence of the burglar at his bedside. From these wax impressions exact duplicates are made, and the burglar is then ready for successful operation whenever the proper opportunity arrives to secure the greatest amount of plunder.

On page 257 Pinkerton also tells of a case wherein a young bank clerk slept over a bank that was to be robbed, and it was necessary to do the job in spite of him somehow. Another vacant room was engaged by an alleged shoemaker, and a jolly stranger came to town, stopped at an hotel, and in time became chummy with the bank clerk. It required months to get everything ready. Finally the eventful night came, and the stranger and the clerk went out into the country to see some girl friends, remaining away until two o'clock. Then the two slept in the bedroom over the bank. This was Saturday night, or Sunday



THE EARL OF MINTO.

From photos taken during their former residence in Ottawa.



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

morning, and on Monday the safe would not open—it was found to have been robbed. The shoemaker had gone, and the young clerk was pained to learn that his jolly friend had also departed. Pinkerton was not surprised at anything done by these wonderful mechanics—nothing to the n was impossible. He says:

I have known of more than one instance where burglars have been taken from their prison cells to open safes and vaults whose owners had forgotten the complicated combinations which had safely locked them at a previous time. This, too, after experienced workmen in the honest walks of life have expended their energies and resources in the futile effort to open the safe without demolishing the costly works which had rendered security thus possible. In every case the burglar succeeded in mastering the combination after the labor of an hour or two, and to the surprise of the incredulous spectators the ponderous doors were thrown open without the slightest violence or injury to the safe.

Here are a couple of further quotations from Pinkerton's book which are at present of some particular interest:

It must not be supposed that the robbery of a bank vault is in every instance the work of a single night in which the thieves locate their premises, effect their entrance, demolish the safe and carry off their booty ere the sun comes peeping over the hills, for such is not and has never been the case. Indeed, investigation has always shown that weeks and frequently months have elapsed between the conception of the plot and the actual robbery. . . . Traces prove beyond question that the thieves were as thoroughly acquainted with the movements of the bank officials and with every portion of the despoiled premises as the occupants themselves, and in many instances there are unmistakable indications of the actual presence of the burglars before the attempt was made to begin active labor of breaking into the vaults.

Bank robbers are a distinct and exclusive fraternity and their ruling ambition is to perform their work in the most skillful and perplexing manner possible, and next to securing a startling amount of money and valuables their special pride is in leaving behind them indisputable evidences of their dexterity and skill in the calling which they have adopted.

In this book also it is made quite plain that when the Pinkertons are retained in a case of burglary their chief concern is to benefit their employers—that is, they are more anxious to recover part of the stolen bonds and money than to secure for the criminals the full punishment deserved, and better pleased to secure all the stolen funds than to procure a conviction at all. In fact, detective work is reduced to a straight business, in which the Pinkerton man looks after his client and the "Crown" must look after its own interests, should interests not run parallel. It is inevitably so with sleuths hired, not to do the Crown's work but to look after private and purely financial interests. For public information, therefore, I have made some quotations from the book of Allan Pinkerton.

MACK.

When Darwin, in his old age, was bringing out his book on the habits of plants, his health was poor, and an old family servant, overhearing his daughter express anxiety about her father's condition, sought to reassure her. "Hi believe master'd be hall right, ma'am," she said, "hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to occupy 'is mind. Some times 'e stands hin the conservatory from mornin' till night, just a lookin' 'at the flower-. Hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to do, 'e'd be hever so much better, 'Him sure!" No one enjoyed the joke more than the great naturalist himself.

Social and Personal.

LAST Friday's Island Dance at the Aquatic Association Hall, though not so crowded as some of its predecessors, was well attended and enjoyed to the fullest by a nice party. Several of the former attendants were much missed—they are laying on a coat of tan in summer resorts further north.

Very noticeable was the new music played for a couple of rattling two-steps, the Scotch airs specially bringing down a double encore. The ladies in their pique and muslin frocks were very pretty, and every variety of summer boy was on hand. A lot of yachting boys in ducks and blue jackets have given a very smart touch to these dances. Captain Gooderham and his sweet wife are to be much thanked for the kindly interest they have shown in attending these Island hops, the big sailor in his yachting togs beaming good-will and interest on the dancing boys and girls, and Mrs. Gooderham, daintily gowned in some fresh pretty summer frock, being an ideal chaperone. Last Friday we had a glimpse of an Island belle, Miss Gzowski, who came rather late for a turn in the new two-step. Miss Sasha Young, in a pretty summer silk with faintly ombre floral design in pale pink and large white hat, was much sought after. Several guests came over from the city and took advantage of the late boat going home. By the way, this boat, like the night cars, calls for cash transactions, and, considering the extra fun which is secured by an extension of half an hour, is a very great convenience. I mention this for the information of those who rely on their season passes to return by it. Several visitors in town for a few days were guests of the Island Association, among others Mr. George Stuart Christie of the Cummings Opera Company, who has so many nice friends in Toronto, all of whom were glad to see him on a holiday visit. After playing without intermission for over forty weeks Mr. Christie caved in and was in bed for a week, but is now looking as spry as ever. Mr. Howard Annes of Whitchy was also a guest at Friday's dance. Mrs. Francis and her graceful young people and Mrs. Will Lamont and her pretty nieces were present. We miss this year Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, who are in England on their wedding trip and enjoying themselves immensely. They are now at Shaftesbury and will return to Toronto about the first of next month. The badges for members of the Aquatic Association were on hand last week and are voted very neat and pretty.

The Yacht Club was again the rendezvous of those who are yet in town on last Monday evening, and the beautiful moonlight evening induced many a fair maiden to forget her dancing partners while she loitered on the landing or sat under the trees and watched the play of the moonbeams on the ripples of the bay. The orchestra has been playing a couple of new dance tunes which are very popular this month, and the music has been uniformly of a good character. The ever watchful honorary secre-

tary last week provided the prettiest of tiny programmes in navy blue lettering, which were much welcomed by the fair strangers to help in recalling the names of their attentive partners. Mr. Ricardo Seaver has won the thanks of the crowd from Vancouver to Texas this season, and many a fair and gallant visitor will carry away memories of his kindness to far countries. Quite a number of cosy little dinners are on the way for Monday and other evenings at the summer club house across the water.

The city has been deeply stirred this week in religious and political circles, the former by the death of the genial and beloved Archbishop of the Roman Catholics, and the latter by the midsummer session of Parliament, which opened on a pretty hot afternoon, with the Lieutenant-Governor and the Government House party in full regalia of gold braid and evening gowns, while the usual dress parade on the floor of the House was replaced by ranks of notable men in every stage of discomfort from the heat, and the galleries were occupied by women in the sensible garb which has come to be known as Island costume. It was obviously a purely political and not in the least a social function, and no one minded that faces were sunburned and hands brown and bare, as their owners dropped in for a while to see the opening of the session. It was a very naughty prophecy lifted forth by Mr. Bayley and his band that there would be "A hot time in the old town to-night," and many a grin was the greeting accorded to the announcement. Sir Oliver looked very well, and not the least bit the worse for the torrid weather of the past fortnight. Mr. Francis Eugene Alfred Evanturel, the silver-tongued gentleman from down east with the royally long name, was again elected Speaker, and acknowledged the rather fulsome flatteries of his friends with quiet deprecation. Mr. Speaker Evanturel is an adept in the art of taffying and could give these amateurs some valuable hints. Everyone will be glad to have him back in Toronto again, though he can scarcely share their pleasure, as his summer residence down east is a charming place to spend these hot days. With Miss Mowat were Professor and Mrs. Mowat of Kingston, Mrs. Langton and Mrs. Biggar. The ladies wore smart evening gowns, which must have been delightfully cool and "comfy." Several improvements have been made in the grand chamber, particularly in regard to the ventilation, which is kept perfect by electric fans. I do not hear of any social doings at present liable to result from the summer session—indeed, so many people are away it would be difficult to get up anything of any importance.

Major Septimus Denison came down from Muskoka, where he is summering with his family, to represent Lord Aberdeen at the obsequies of the late lamented Archbishop, on Thursday. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are still in the North-West, desperately hammering away at the Victorian Order of Nurses. We who stay at home have some compensations.

Mr. Thomas McMillan, jr., Mr. W. B. Read, Mrs. G. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crane, Mrs. George Henderson and the Misses Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Sparling, Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Macpherson, all of Toronto, are registered at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Other guests are: Mr. A. P. Sherwood, Mr. G. M. Atchison of Ottawa, Mrs. A. C. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. William B. King of Houston, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Miss Callahan, Mr. A. Rupperecht and Mr. D. Le Smith of Buffalo, Mr. A. B. Powell of London, Colonel T. Wright of Nashville, Tenn., Mr. B. F. Justin of Brampton, and Mrs. H. R. Bush of Louisville, Ky.

An old Toronto boy, Mr. Ed. Clarke, who has adopted the stage name of Mr. Cyril Dwight Edwards, has been scoring great successes as a vocalist in smart circles in old London. On July 11 Mr. Edwards gave a fine recital at Lady Jeanne's town residence in Harley street. The Princess Christian and her daughter, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lady Gore, Lady Edith Douglas and other prominent women were present, the Princess expressing herself as particularly pleased with Mr. Edwards' singing of *Pieta*, *Signore*, by *Stradella*. The vocalist has studied for five years in Paris.

Mr. William Ogilvie was in town this week and was the guest of Mr. Dan Rose at Hotel Hanlan.

Miss Chance of Fort Porter, Buffalo, was in town this week a guest at the Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Snider of Lislehurst, Deer Park, arrived home on August 1 after a delightful three months' trip. They left New York in April for the Azores Islands and Gibraltar, then visiting all the principal cities in Italy, Switzerland, Germany and France, a three weeks' stay in London, and then home from Liverpool by the Vancouver of the Dominion line.

Mrs. W. Claude Fox has gone to Peake's Island, Maine, for the summer. She left on Thursday.

Mrs. George Macdonald is visiting Mrs. Crane at her beautiful summer home, The Knoll, near Montreal.

Miss Adele Lemaitre is visiting her parents for a month, after a year's professional engagement in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch went to the Maine sea coast this week for August.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth went to the Isle of Shoals on Tuesday for this month.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace and baby, Annie Mary, are entertaining themselves and their friends at Sturgeon Point.

Mrs. Frank Wilson of Pembroke street and her young sons are now in England. They sailed last week from Montreal.

Mrs. and Miss Seymour are spending August at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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TORONTO.

Social and Personal.

LAST Saturday was a banner exodus to Muskoka and the lake resorts. The convenient and speedy train, the Muskoka express, was detained twenty minutes in starting on account of the various impediments of intending holiday-makers. Everything, from a baby-carrier to a fishing-basket, cumbered the platform. Trunks, valises, camp-beds, bicycles, tents and so on jostled each other in rollicking confusion. Tired women and frantic men mobbed the baggage room—temper grew hot as eleven-thirty indicated on the great clock-dial, and only five minutes and five hundred odds and ends remained to be adjusted. Then the logical conclusion was arrived at that the train was there to carry the five hundred odds and ends and their human victims, and that it would probably await their embarkation, and a comparative system succeeded the confusion. Finally the crowd was safely settled; those who always miss trains found themselves in surprise over ten minutes to spare. The long train of parlor coaches was put in motion, and a typical holiday crowd in search of freckles, sunburn, flirtations and fun whirled off at a breathless speed to the north.

Among those who went to Muskoka Saturday were: Mrs. Rordan and Miss Rordan from St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Henry Crease, Miss Crease and Miss Evelyn Temple, Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. Grant Ridout and Herr Ruth.

This week the exodus continues. Sandfield is perhaps the most popular point on account of the regatta which is held there this season. Each big summer resort has this event in turn. Last year Rosseau was honored and there were great doings, but wait until you hear from "Giddy-Giddy," as the people of the Port are apt to call it.

Hon. J. W. Sifton of Winnipeg passed through this city on his way to Ohio, and paid a visit to his aunt, Mrs. H. Switzer, 172 Mutual street.

Miss Ethel Greer and Miss Jessie McKenzie of London are visiting the Misses Switzer, 172 Mutual street.

Miss Birdie Gibson of 38 Maitland street is visiting friends in Rochester and the Eastern States.

Mr. J. C. Johnson of Chicago, son of Rev. Mr. Johnson, Windsor, Ont., was a guest at the Rossin this week whilst paying flying visits to Lampton, Port Perry and Whitby, where he is well known.

Mr. Robert Stewart of Ottawa was in Toronto this week, the guest of Mr. J. K. McCutcheon, 407 Huron street.

Major R. J. McCutcheon, an officer of the Chilean army, is in Toronto at present visiting his brother, Mr. J. K. McCutcheon of Huron street, and his mother at 120 Robert street. Major McCutcheon is an old Fergus boy and has been in Chile for the past twenty years.

Miss Annie Carson of Bellevue avenue went to Detroit on Monday for a month's visit with her friend, Miss Minnie Buchanan of Perry street.

Mrs. Van Loon and her little daughter, Mary, of 73 Bellevue avenue, are visiting in Western Ontario for a month.

Mr. A. A. Burk, banker, of Thessalon, Ont., was in the city for a few days this week.

The Misses Knight of Maitland street have returned from a two weeks' visit with their parents in Alliston.

Dr. R. H. Henderson of Carlton and Parliament streets will spend Sunday with friends in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Smallpiece of Parkdale, with the younger members of their family, have returned from their trip to Big Bay Point. Miss Smallpiece will leave for a few weeks' visit at Port Carling to day.

Mrs. Burke of Chicago is spending the week here visiting the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ryan, in Grosvenor street.

Miss Bond of Guelph was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. McFarlane, at the Rossin on Monday, returning home from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Smythe of Kingston.

Mrs. Cooper and her charming little daughter, of Monreal, were guests at the Rossin this week. Mrs. Cooper, who formerly lived in Toronto and afterwards in Windsor, made arrangements while here for her daughter to attend one of the ladies' colleges in Toronto.

Commodore Jarvis, though he did not dance at the Yacht Club Monday night, made the affair most enjoyable to not a few by his cheerful presence and bright talk.

A much admired Island belle who made her debut at the Yacht Club dance this week was Miss Goldman. She was in soft pink with white over-dress.

Amongst guests from a distance at the Yacht Club dance Monday night were noticed the Misses Macdonell of Lindsay, Mr. F. Howard Annes and Miss Maud Annes of Whitby, and Miss Greta Masson of Oshawa.

Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Millar and Mrs. James Hartney left last Monday by mailboat for the Saguenay. They return to Montreal by steamer and then go to New York via Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson.

Mrs. W. R. Johnston leaves this week for England. She will spend the winter in Paris.

Miss Katie Byrne, Oriole avenue, Center Island, has as a guest her cousin, Miss Minnie Davis of Sarnia.

Mrs. J. O. Heward, who has recently

been so ill, is much better. She is at present stopping with her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Edwards of Henry street. Miss Edith Heward left on Tuesday for a visit of a few weeks in Muskoka, and Miss Heward has arranged to go to Niagara-on-the-Lake on August 15 and take in the tennis tournament gaieties.

Mr. R. Heber Bowes returned on Wednesday from a business trip to New York.

Mr. Charles Hunter, who has been on a trip through the Lower Province during the past week, has returned to Niagara.

Two charming visitors from Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. S. H. Cragg and her pretty daughter, Miss Helen, who have been spending the past four weeks in Toronto, have gone up to the Peninsular Park Hotel on Lake Simcoe, where they purpose remaining all this month, returning to Toronto for a few weeks in September before going home to Brooklyn. Miss Cragg, whose graceful dancing was much admired at the Island hops, will be a welcome addition to the autumn gaieties.

Mrs. Robert McCallum of 213 McCaul street, Miss McCallum and Mr. W. H. S. McCallum are summering at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mr. Lewis E. Bopp, Mayor of Hawke, Iowa, and manager of Bopp Bros. State Bank of the same place, has been visiting friends in this city during the past week. Mr. Bopp was delighted with the Queen City and carried away a very pleasant impression of his sojourn here.

At the Wingberry House, Mortimer's Point, Lake Muskoka, Friday evening, July 29, the guests, assisted by several of the fair visiting Islanders, about sixty in number, gave a most interesting and artistic concert. The balconies were prettily decorated with colored lanterns and flags. Mr. Will Smith acted as chairman and executed his duties in a most pleasing manner. Refreshments were served and canoes ordered for half-past ten.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Struthers of Craiglea, Dovercourt road, their nephews, R. Franklin Struthers of Stratford, William Wixon of Major street, and Mr. and Mrs. Spence of St. Mary's, returned to the city on Monday after having spent a pleasant week doing the Thousand Islands and a short stay at Alexandria Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Spence of St. Mary's are spending their summer holidays with friends in Toronto, Hamilton and Brantford. The former will return to St. Mary's in time to resume his work as principal of the Public schools about September 1.

Miss Flo Perkin of Stayner is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in town.

Mrs. Charles Harvey of Sherbourne street is visiting friends up north. This bright and handsome New Yorker is brown as a berry and enjoying her summer to the utmost.

Visitors to Barrie suburbs admire the lovely summer home chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Brown. The great brick mansion standing high on the hill on the shore of beautiful Kempenfeldt Bay has a view to charm a nature-lover, and the pleasant place is a suitable spot to receive the pleasant people we all miss in Toronto now.

Mrs. Ferrier of Ottawa is summering with her sister, Mrs. R. S. Neville, at Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe.

Miss Laing is visiting Mrs. Creelman at The Breakers, Collingwood, a very charming place.

Miss Susie Young, who has been the guest of Toronto friends for the past fortnight, has returned home. A party of friends saw her off one evening recently, bidding her farewell with much regret.

Mrs. George Evans and baby have gone to Cobourg, Mrs. Evans' former home. Miss Rossie Boulton will spend this month in Muskoka. Mrs. Gzowski is in Muskoka. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and family are at the Maine sea coast. Mr. and Mrs. Annes of Whitby were in town this week. Miss Flo Gillespie is visiting relatives in Muskoka. Mrs. and Miss Muntzinger are spending August at the seaside. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. P. Matthews and the Ward twins have gone to England, there to visit Mr. Matthews' family, who are Cornish people.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross celebrated their silver wedding day on July 30th. The family party took an outing to Niagara, and the quartette composing it forms a group noted for their loving and happy relations with each other. Good wishes and kind thoughts followed their celebration last Saturday from many warm friends.

The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, with their second daughter, Miss Ethel, have been visiting the Duke of Norfolk in England.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has returned from Austria. Mr. Tripp has been studying for two years in Vienna.

Mrs. and Miss Essie Case and Master Allen Case returned home on Tuesday evening from the sea.

Persons whom business or pleasure keep in town during the holidays enjoy the hospitalities afloat on the various craft to the fullest extent. Each yacht has its own particular set and very good times they have on the particular afternoons set apart for outings. Prominent for jollity and good fellowship are the Cruiser's Wednesdays enjoyed by a merry party. The fun aboard the Cruiser is a tradition, of which I heard regretful mention by some of the former occupants of Fort Niagara, returned now from Santiago de Cuba and quartered at Buffalo. Any of them would joyously respond to the well known four whistles of occult significance should the pretty

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yacht loom in sight on the lake near Fort Porter. The international courtesies are still on tap.

Society at the Capital.

ANOTHER example of the truth of the old proverb which says that "the unexpected always happens" has been vouchsafed to us. It is doubtful if anyone for a moment thought that the Earl and Countess of Minto—better known to Canadians as Lord and Lady Melford—would be called upon to reside in our midst for the next five years. The Diamond Jubilee of last year turned our heads a little and we were quite justified in thinking that a Duke would feel himself honored if asked to be our Governor-General. Probably the only one available was His Grace of Leeds, and he no doubt felt so badly over the objections of the temperance people that he would not play in our yard. However, the Home Government could not have made a choice more likely to please the Canadian people as a whole. Specially Lord and Lady Minto were very popular out here, and not only in Ottawa, but in every Canadian city they happened to be in, they closely entered into all the social gaieties going on. In a military way, too, His Excellency-to-be was very popular. When the North-West rebellion broke out he went to the front as Chief of Staff to General Middleton. Shortly before the Battle of Batoche he was sent to Ottawa with despatches which, it has since transpired, contained a request for the ordering out of the Imperial troops at Halifax. Luckily for

the amour propre of the Canadian people the general officer wired that as Batoche was taken he had no need of the troops. The laconic reply, "Thank God," Mr. GUNN, showed that our future Governor-General understood what our feelings would be had not our soldiers been allowed to win their own battles. Lady Minto, while she could not be said to be a beauty, is an extremely pretty woman with charming manners, and very bright and lively. She has five children, the eldest, Lady Violet Elliot, being born at The Citadel in Quebec. During their residence in Ottawa both Lord and Lady Minto belonged to a select little snowshoe coterie known as "The Wanderers," which has since broken up. They also went in for skating and tobogganing, and at the "Saturday afternoons" at Rideau Hall they were among the most active participants in each. It is to be hoped that Lord Minto's "comrades in arms" will not feel slighted if they are not invited to stay at Government House, for the accommodation is limited.

Mr. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., and Mr. Lumsden, M.P.P., left on Tuesday for Toronto to be present at the opening of the Legislature on Wednesday. During the session Mr. Powell will make his headquarters at the Albany Club.

Mr. George Burn, general manager of the Bank of Ottawa, left on Thursday to spend the rest of the summer with his family at Portland, Maine.

Dr. Barnhart of Toronto is in town on a visit to Mr. G. W. Holland of "The Elms," Richmond road.

Mr. John Coates sailed this week for England, where he will spend the next six weeks. Mr. Coates was accompanied by his niece, Miss Swinburne of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who came out for the marriage of her cousin, Miss Coates, which took place in Toronto in June.

Mrs. R. W. Scott, wife of the Secretary of State, got back to town on Monday from Iroquois, where she was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Desbarats.

The Misses Sparks and Miss Sweetland, who have spent the last six months touring Europe, sail for Canada the middle of this month.

Miss McGivern of Hamilton spent last week in town with her brother, Mr. Harold McGivern, who is to be married to Miss Maud Macintosh in September. The wedding will take place in Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan, one of the best known literary men of the capital and the author of Canadian Men and Women of the Time, left on Thursday to spend the month at Old Orchard, Maine. Mr. Morgan has a most interesting work in course of preparation which deals with well known Canadian women, both past and present.

Mr. Sheriff Sweetland got back to town on Wednesday from a visit to Mr. Justice Burbridge's merry camp at Blue Sea Lake.

Hon. Mr. Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh are henceforth to make Ottawa their home. Rumor has it they will rent Barncliffe, so long the home of Sir John A. Macdonald.

Mr. L. K. Jones of the Railways and Canals Department left on Monday for Quebec, to accompany Lord Herschell and party in their trip across the continent.

OTTAWA, August 2, 1898.

A Striking Menu.
Argument.

At a birthday dinner given in Fruitvale on May 27, not only were all the decorations of a patriotic character—red, white and blue flowers being artistically arranged on a large American flag which served as table-cloth—but the menu, printed on the backs of smaller flags, was particularly suggestive. It was as follows:

Bread—Destroyer cocktail on the shelly.
Huitres—Oysters banded with hot-shot and Sampson catch-up.
Potage—Bisque of clam au Cervara in the soup.
Entree—Crab cutlets done up brown a la Spanish fleet.
Rôté—Saddle of lamb (this is a cinch). Patates a la caennaise. Green peas au gratin.
Yankee—Pumpkin-sauce.
Salade—Bismarck lettuce all over Dewey.
Relevés—Santiago de Cuba olives. Salted Philippines. Oregon cheese.
Glace—Manila ice-cream. Olympia cake.
Café—Porto Rico.
"Havana" cigars.

Chumple—Can you give me a good "tip" for the next race? Kene—Yes. Don't bet.

Author (to editor)—My friends say that for a love story this one is matchless. Editor—Then we don't want it. There must be matches in all our love stories, sir.

"I cannot help admiring Miss De Toughey's complexion," remarked the infatuated Oxford youth to his sister. "I am very much afraid," rejoined his somewhat severe and not-to-be-deceived sister, "that you are drifting into the vulgar habit of judging things by what they cost."

Dopie Dingleberry—De fact dat bread hez gone up in price an' de loaves is smaller, establishes de cor'arrest kind of a paradox. Silvers Sullivan—Wot is it? Dopie Dingleberry—People hev got ter give up more dough ter git less.—Puck.

Mr. Wheeler—The boys are going to form a military company; could you suggest a name which would show that we are bicycle riders? Mr. Waller (cynically)—Well, you might call yourselves The Mud Guards.—Sheffield Telegraph.

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The Spider,

AN AUSTRALIAN TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. B. M. CROKER.

HE sat in a long, bare, white-washed veranda, on a folding carpet chair, with both hands limply crossed over a half-dressed sock, gazing out with a dreamy stare upon the awkward blue gum trees, and the brown burnt-up grass which surrounded her Australian home. The only living creature within view was a little shrunken Chinaman, clad in roomy, blue cotton trousers, who was throwing his whole heart and soul into the cultivation of a plot of somewhat faded cabbages.

Maimie Grimshaw, the wife of his employer, was a pretty woman of about thirty, slight of a fault—in fact, her detractors called her skinny—with a pair of magnetic eyes, an impetuous nose, and a full-lipped mouth. The outlines of her face were sharpened, and her color, like that of the cabbages, a little faded; but her luxuriant auburn hair was carefully dressed, her cambric gown fitted her neat figure with exactitude and even elegance; her shoes were distinctly attractive. Altogether Mrs. Grimshaw presented an unusually smart appearance for the wife of a squatter, who lived at least four hundred miles from the regions of shops. The down cushion at her back, and the footstool beneath her pretty feet, hinted at an appreciation of such small comforts as were within her reach.

Bernard Grimshaw, her husband, could afford her—and he would—not merely comforts, but luxuries. He was the wealthiest man in the township—in all the Linga Longa district—he counted his flocks and herds by tens of thousands like the patriarchs of old. It was, moreover, whispered that he also counted his thousands, and tens of thousands, in the Melbourne bank; and from this rumor he drew no small advantage.

Nevertheless the face of this rich man's wife, as she gazed out upon the palpitating haze, and the industrious Celestial, wore a look of hopeless boredom and inevitable discontent. It is not good for a young woman—not for a young woman's household—when such an expression settles upon her countenance. Five years on an up-country station, with its drought and its floods, its long stretches of deadly monotony, its pitiless exposure of the raw edge of existence, of the common, coarse side of life, had told severely upon Maimie's nerves, temper and character. She bitterly regretted that she had ever married burly Bernard Grimshaw, and thus thrown away her youth and her opportunities in order to bury herself alive in the weird and lonesome Australian bush. Why had she ever married Bernard? Why had she ever come to Linga Longa? Why had she made such a mess of her life?

To this the plain and truthful answer was, the lack of what she would have considered the opportunity to do better. She had believed Bernard's offer to be the tide in her affairs which when taken at the flood leads on to fortune, instead of which she had been figuratively washed up upon a barren coast a miserable castaway.

Bernard Grimshaw was a Colonial by birth—a tall, powerfully-framed, hard-headed, hard-featured man; frugal, ambitious and fortunate. His first wife, whom he had married when he was but twenty, was a contrast to Maimie in every respect—a plain, wiry, weatherbeaten person, but an ideal helpmate for a hard-working squatter who was resolved to push his way. Her faithful heart, quick eye and busy hand contributed in a large measure to her husband's success and the amassing of those flocks and herds and heavy remittances to Melbourne, and she received her due reward in a neat white tombstone, imported at great, and what she would have considered sinful, expense, inscribed "To the memory of Bessie, the dearly beloved wife of B. Grimshaw."

Nevertheless she was not his dearly beloved wife. Bernard was accustomed to her, he tolerated her, he had accepted her devotion as a mere matter of course, and was secretly and disagreeably surprised to discover how much he missed her! His meals were squalid, his shirts were ragged, his store bills enormous; there was only one thing to be done—he must marry again. He looked about cautiously among the daughters of his acquaintance; but soon he gathered from hints and chaff dropped by menkin, that the post of Mrs. Grimshaw number two was not greatly coveted in the vicinity; so presently he sailed away to England on three errands—one was to see the Old Country, another to arrange some money affairs connected with a small legacy, and a third was to procure a wife.

Mr. Grimshaw's business man carried out his affairs to his entire satisfaction. In discussing over a little dinner, death duties, interests and investments, Grimshaw had dropped a word that had set his acute companion thinking. Here to his certain knowledge was a wealthy, middle-aged Colonial, literally going abegging as a husband! His niece, Maimie Perry, was five-and-twenty, extremely pretty, with taking manners, and not a penny piece. She was buried in a little village where she would undoubtedly live and die "an old maid." Her mother was a chemist's widow, with a small annuity and large but fruitless ambitions.

An introduction was cleverly effected, apparently by chance; Mrs. and Miss Perry happened to come up to town for a little shopping, and to see the Academy. The stolid middle-aged widower was immediately attracted by the younger lady, a quiet but deadly flit, who knew how to make the most of her pretty face and her pretty figure. The courtship was prosecuted at theaters, on the river, in the park, where Maimie Perry carried her big hat and feathers as bravely as the best.

The wedding was not long deferred, Bernard Grimshaw was accompanied to Melbourne by a young and charming wife, and she was accompanied by a new and beautiful outfit.

These were indeed halcyon days! Bernard was deeply, blindly in love, and extremely proud of his bride, the belle of the ship—an Orient liner.

How astonished his neighbors at Linga Longa would be! Mrs. Grimshaw, on her part, was supremely happy. She enjoyed her new position, her new friends, her new flocks; she liked her big black-bearded husband, who idolized her, and whom she could twist around her fingers. She revelled in the prospect of her future home, scores of horses, thousands of cattle, thousands of acres.

But alas! Once Bernard's foot was on his native soil what a change was here! He instantly became an eager, active, busy man, fervently anxious to make up for months of idleness. He merely remained in Melbourne long enough to visit his banker and to purchase groceries, saddlery, crockery, and a few chairs and tables, and then started for home.

When the bride (whose hopes had been sinking with every mile) first caught sight of Linga Longa, an ugly low house, situated between a water-hole and a cabbage garden, she burst into a storm of hysterical tears. This was five years ago, and since then, though first impressions had not been modified, she had endeavored to adapt herself to circumstances.

Life was hatefully monotonous, nevertheless it had some alleviations, and although Bernard had curtly refused to take her to Melbourne, yet he never spared money for her clothes and little luxuries. He kept two domestic servants, subscribed to papers, escorted her to local gatherings in his new buggy—there was no church within a hundred miles. To this fact, though she made it one of her grievances, Maimie was supremely indifferent; but she had her distractions—a visit to the Porters or the Russells, a trip to Warra-Barr and an ever-interesting series of flirtations. These latter were her chief amusement, and a very exciting entertainment they occasionally proved to be.

Maimie Grimshaw reigned as acknowledged queen of the Linga Longa district, and received homage as such. Her husband meanwhile contemplated her conquests precisely as an indulgent parent might view the vagaries of a spoiled child. If he had been stolidly indifferent to Bessie, he was notoriously besotted with regard to her successor. The queen could do no wrong—long live the queen! If she went a little too far and strained the loyalty of some subjects a pleading look or a caress induced the king consort to see the whole affair from her point of view.

As time wore on the number of Mrs. Grimshaw's victims increased and her reputation went far. People whispered, muttered, finally talked boldly of young Stover, who had been her guest and shadow, and had been replaced by Dr. Blane; and how young Dawson had gone to Tasmania—and the devil! and how Freddy Blake had been mad about her—bright, popular, happy Freddy—and how miserable and drawn and haggard his merry face had become ere he departed and was no more seen. These were stock hands in the township.

After Lumley had been found drowned in a water-hole, with his hands tied in his handkerchief, the rather scattered community began to be a little shy of Mrs. Grimshaw's arch eyes, low voice and sympathetic smile. She was endowed with the sobriquet of "the Spider," but alas! at the present moment she was out of humor—her web only contained dead flies.

Think of a pretty, idle, empty-headed woman, with a busy husband, fifteen years her senior, no children, no resources, no near neighbors, and no special tastes save for experimenting on the affections of defenceless mankind!

When a man took to grooming his horse, wearing a white shirt, and riding over to Linga Longa, with a paper or a magazine, his friends looked on and sincerely pitied him; they knew what his fate would be. He would be a woman's lover for a few weeks, and a woman-hater for many years. Maimie Grimshaw's hour might be slow to arrive, but once she took possession her empire was singularly complete. She was naturally of a hard and a cold nature, and she had never really cared for one of her unhappy slaves; she smilingly received all and gave nothing. She considered that they were more or less honored by being sacrificed at her shrine, in order to afford her an amusing interlude in her otherwise dull and trivial existence. The Spider knew neither pity nor remorse; she accepted their stammering confidences, their adoration, and when she was weary of them, turned ruthlessly away.

But already Nemesis had begun to pace towards her with hasting steps. Lately there had been a notable falling off in the matter of visitors with glossy shirt fronts and glossy steeds. Mrs. Grimshaw was meditating upon this fact, and how but two men had assembled around her when she had recently attended a local race meeting, and two men who had recovered. As she meditated, she looked quite pinched and worn and sorrow—by no means the "Lily of Linga Longa." Oh, if Bernard would only sell off this hateful place and take her home—she was so sick of this life; and she suddenly jumped up and began to pace the veranda in a state of impatience, almost bordering on frenzy. The clatter of horses' hoofs roused her from her thoughts. She looked around

and desisted Bernard riding up, accompanied by two guests. One, an elderly dried-up looking individual, with a keen hatchet face, half-concealed by a gray hat, the other much younger, and the handsomest man she had ever beheld.

He was riding a smart-looking nag, his feet were out of the stirrups, his gray sombrero was tilted over his face. Yes, Walter Talbot was strikingly good-looking; a well-born, well-bred man of six-and-twenty, whose life so far had been a failure. He was the second son of Sir John Talbot, of the Depe, who had more acres than money.

He had failed for the army, and at the age of twenty-six was still seeking his fortune, and so far fortune, far from meeting him half-way, had kept steadily out of his sight. He was merely a helper on a run some way north of Linga Longa, and received one pound a week and board, in return for hard work and the best of his days; he and his employer had been down to Melbourne with a drove of horses for the Indian market, and were now en route home.

"It's too late to make Crosskeys to-night," said Macnab; "we will just stop at Bern. Grimshaw's, and make an early start, and by good luck here he is himself. Hullo, Grimshaw, how are you? We have come to ask for a shakedown and a bit of supper."

"And welcome," said Grimshaw heartily. "I don't think you know Mr. Talbot?" "No!" nodding. "He has never been this way before."

"He is rather a stick-at-home, and never rambles far."

"I don't know what you call Melbourne," said Talbot with a laugh.

"Oh, well, that was business. Did you do a good trade, Mac?"

"Pretty fair; average twenty a head."

"Aye, and they will be sold at Waller's for five hundred rupees. Maimie, to his wife, who had halted, and stood expectantly on the steps of the veranda, "here is Mr. Macnab and his friend, Mr. Talbot, come to put up. I hope you have something in the larder."

Maimie nodded and bowed. She eagerly scrutinized the stranger as he doffed his big hat, and as she did so she changed color. She instantly recognized him as the son of the Squire at home. Truly the world was a little place. She had seen young Talbot at church, at the flower fete, riding along through the roads and the village. She knew him well by sight; he had merely changed from a handsome stripling to a handsome man; but she made no remark, and hurried indoors to prepare for company and to change her gown, whilst the three men rode around to the stockyard to put up their horses.

The dinner and the hostess were an agreeable surprise to Walter Talbot. The table was prettily decorated, the mutton proved tender, and the lady of the house looked charming in a soft white gown.

Afterwards, when they all adjourned outside, the elder couple subsided into two arm-chairs and the engrossing subject of wool sales and the frozen meat trade, whilst Talbot and Mrs. Grimshaw paced up and down a well-trodden path that lay between the house and the water-hole.

"Do you know that your face seems quite familiar to me, Mrs. Grimshaw?" he remarked, as they paused and stood *vis-à-vis* at the edge of the pond. "Is it possible that we have met before?"

"Yes, in a way," she answered, coloring visibly. "We, I think, knew one another by sight at Moorfield. My name was Perry."

"Perry!" In a second the memory of a genteel and somewhat pushing widow, with a pretty daughter, came back to him, and he exclaimed, "To be sure! How delightful to see a face from home; it is like water in a thirsty land!"

"It is, indeed," she assented with a sigh.

"Have you been out long?"

"Five years. And you?"

"Eighteen months."

"And do you like the life?"

"No; between ourselves, I hate it. It is a lonely, melancholy, hopeless sort of existence—at any rate to me. And this weird Australian bush daunts me, I can tell you; I have a horrible presentiment that it will be my grave."

"Oh, you must not get such ridiculous fancies into your head," she protested with animation; "you want a good rousing. Mr. Macnab says that you never go off the station; you should go out hunting and attend race meetings, and gatherings, and

you would soon grow out of such horrible ideas."

"I daresay there is something in what you say, but I am always busy, from dawn till dark, and on Sundays there are no near neighbors."

"We are thirty miles away—that is considered a mere canter out here, but you might think it rather too much of a journey," and she gave him one of her most distracting smiles.

"I should not think a hundred miles a journey to see a face from Moorfield," he answered, with repressed emotion in his voice.

"Then in future I hope you will spend your Sundays with us. Bernard will be delighted to see you too, he likes a change of society; his own men are appallingly dull."

"I am not very bright, I can assure you," said Talbot; "it is because I happen to be so hopelessly and densely stupid that I am out here. I couldn't pass an exam. to save my life."

"Well, you don't look stupid, and I don't believe you are," returned Maimie, with another of her most sympathetic smiles.

"My governor would tell you another story," he rejoined, and gradually they drifted into mutual memories—they discussed the village, the neighborhood, aye, the very dogs and horses.

It was past twelve o'clock by the time their talk and reminiscences had come to an end. The veranda had been empty for an hour, Macnab and Grimshaw had retired early, after a glance at a distant and lingering couple. Grimshaw was accustomed to that picture; Maimie always liked a new hand—when he was presentable—and many a wayfarer had paced that same path by her side.

But Macnab was not so complacent—he did not admire the little scene at all. Was it possible that Talbot, the reserved and distant, so fastidious about womankind, had accepted the Spider's invitation to "walk into her parlor?"

Yes, Talbot figuratively "walked into her parlor" when every Saturday he galloped over to Linga Longa "entre a terre" and returned at daybreak on Monday, and every succeeding week found the pair better friends. It was an unqualified delight to Talbot to talk of his home, to read bits of his letters, and unfold his hopes and fears to this charming and interesting woman.

There was only one subject that he had not yet ventured to open, and that the one nearest to his heart. He was engaged to Mabel Trevor, his cousin, a girl as penitent as himself. Somehow he knew by an unerring instinct that Mrs. Grimshaw would not be very sympathetic about Mabel, though she had enough to say about love in the abstract.

What a boon and a blessing she proved to be! What a fortunate day for him when grumpy old Macnab had brought him to her door! Mr. Macnab threw out many strong hints and warnings, but he spoke to deaf ears; Talbot, like all the other "flies," fiercely resented any interference with his "friendship"—that was what he called it—and as far as he was personally concerned it was strictly platonic.

But, alas! It was otherwise with respect to Maimie Grimshaw. It is said that friendship is never platonic on both sides. Here was her hero at last, long a dream and now a reality. Talbot's handsome face, chivalrous manners, and splendid horsemanship, were sufficiently attractive without the added lustre of his fine old name and the overwhelming advantage of being the squire's son, whereas she was but "out of the village."

Moreover, he was different from her other admirers; beyond gratitude and respect he never stepped. He wore her flowers but he would not call her Maimie, nor did he sign himself (as she did) "yours ever." All the week long she looked forward with a kind of aching anticipation to Saturday and Sunday; everything of the best was carefully reserved for those days, as well as her prettiest gowns, her happiest smiles.

Grimshaw himself liked the young man—Maimie's "playmate," as she chose to call him—and the shining hour and week after week flew by. It was Bessie's brother (who secretly detested Bern's second wife) who ultimately applied the slow match which ignited Grimshaw's jealousy. For a considerable time he had surveyed the couple with half-closed eyes, and in ominous silence. Then he spoke.

"I say, Bern, I wouldn't care about having a handsome chap like that young Talbot hanging around my wife if she happened to be a pretty woman and fifteen years younger than myself."

"There's no fear of you. Your Fanny is ugly enough to frighten a horse!" was Bernard's savage retort.

"Well, she is no beauty, I allow; but she is a good woman," returned the other, laying great stress on the adjective "good."

"And so is Maimie. Who dares say a word against her! And well able to take care of herself."

"Oh, of herself, yes. She always looks after number one."

"You don't like her—and never did."

"No, but young Talbot makes up for my bad taste." And he glanced significantly to where Talbot was slowly and reverently fanning his hostess.

Grimshaw made no reply, and presently changed the subject. It was a hot night, and he could not sleep, and all the silent dark hours he recalled many little incidents—long solitary walks, long games, mutual secrets, mutual understandings; conversations from which he was entirely excluded. So many straws ultimately made quite a large stack. He resolved to watch them.

He heard Talbot's horse clatter out of the stockyard at the first peep of day. Talbot was gone—he would keep his own counsel, and wait.

Mr. Grimshaw had not long to wait. That very same morning he saw the unconscious Maimie pick up a pair of dog-skin gloves which Talbot had forgotten, fold them very neatly, and kiss them very fer-

HE was so charmed with the new tea, "Salada," that his wife had so thoughtfully got for him, that he called for a second and third cup, declaring that he had never before known the taste of pure Ceylon Tea, and toasted his wife in this strain out of gladness of heart:

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true;
Here's to the nearest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one,
Wife, here's to you!



vently.
"Love me love my gloves, I suppose!" he broke in harshly.

As he appeared in the hallway Maimie started violently, and became scarlet between fear and astonishment.

"Ay. You may well blush! A pretty fool you have made of yourself, and I've been stone blind—"

"What do you mean? What nonsense, dear," she began; but he interrupted her with a gesture of scorn.

"I mean that we will have no more of this fooling and humbug. I mean that I will ride over to that young ass and tell him never to show his face here again if he wants to keep a whole skin. I mean that I forbid you to see him, to speak to him, or to write to him."

"And if I refuse!" she demanded bravely.

"I'll turn you out into the bush with no more compunction than if you were a black gin. We Australian squatters may not be very refined, but we are honest men. Our family life among us has always been respected. Here in the bush one relies on the honor of a man to hold married ties sacred, and the blackguard who makes love to his neighbor's wife deserves to be shot without pity."

Burly Bernard was moved at last, his face was congested, his eyes blazing; he looked dangerous—far too dangerous for Maimie to dare to coax or flatter or beguile. It was a truly dark day for the "Spider," her web had been discovered and swept ruthlessly away. A messenger was promptly despatched to Talbot with a curt note declining his further acquaintance, and Maimie (having secretly communicated with him) kept her room with a bad headache.

Bernard Grimshaw proved to be a stern and vigilant warder, and for one whole year Talbot and his wife never once met. Gradually the episode began to fade from his mind; he once more fell under the spell of his Maimie's blandishments, and though she never once uttered the name of Walter Talbot she playfully accused her husband of "being a dreadfully jealous old monster."

This had been a truly miserable year; even a trip to Melbourne had afforded no solace to Mrs. Grimshaw; her red-letter days were when she succeeded in secretly posting a long and impassioned effusion which began "Darling Walter."

At Christmas time the Porters gave a dance, and all the neighbors for miles and miles flocked to it, those from a great distance remaining all night, being accommodated with tents and all kinds of make-shifts. Among these latter were the Grimshaws and their hands, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and Mr. Macnab and his contingent, including Walter Talbot.

This was an occasion of great moment to Maimie; her dress had been under thoughtful consideration for weeks, and it fully justified her pains. Nevertheless she was far from being the beauty of the evening; her face was pale and haggard, her eyes looked sunken and anxious. People whispered that "the Spider was losing her looks."

She met Walter Talbot in a doorway, and so the great and longed-for moment had come at last; come and passed. No outsider was aware of the momentousness of the encounter—save Grimshaw, who watched his wife from afar with sullen and suspicious eyes. She merely shook hands with Talbot and passed by on the arm of David Porter, and Bernard went to make up a whist table with a feeling of intense relief. So that was all over and done with!

He little suspected that his artful Maimie had pushed a tiny note into Talbot's rather reluctant hand. Talbot deeply mistrusted these effusions, as well as the glance of passionate appeal from Maimie's hollow eyes.

"Darling, meet me in the end veranda at one o'clock," was the burden of the little *billet-doux*. He stuffed it into his waistcoat pocket, and began to seek out partners. Walter Talbot looked supremely happy and handsome, a severe contrast to the heroine of his late platonic friendship, who followed him with greedy glances as he went around and around, a light-hearted and indefatigable partner. However, her hour was coming!

The end veranda was delightfully secluded. It was a portion of the house

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that had not been utilized for the ball: here the coffee and soup had been heated, but coffee and soup were of the past, and the place was absolutely deserted—a small kerosene lamp which stood on the table lighted up Mrs. Grimshaw's worn face.

She was first at the rendezvous, and was soon joined by Talbot—a little breathless from his late exertions.
"Oh, isn't it cruel that we can only meet like this?" she exclaimed tragically. "I've lived, I've dragged myself through the year for this meeting!" And she flung her arms around his neck.

Mr. Bell, who neither danced nor played cards, and was therefore able to devote much time to the refreshment of the inner man, happened to come to the veranda, a tardy applicant for soup. He stood for a moment a silent, almost paralyzed, spectator of this affecting scene.

Five minutes later he was at the card table, stooping over Grimshaw (who was playing the ace of spades) and whispered, "You come with me this moment, Bern."

Something in the tone and look spoke volumes. Grimshaw threw down his hand, jumped to his feet, and without one word of apology left the table.

"Say nothing," said Bell, "walk softly—seeing is believing."

The two men approached the veranda as stealthily as a couple of panthers. The pair were facing one another, and the lamp illuminated their serious faces. Talbot was speaking.

"Yes, I am going to England; my eldest brother died some months ago—my father wants me at home."

"You go back to the life, the place I love, and leave me here, Walter?" she cried, wringing her hands, and approaching a step. "You could not be so cruel? You have had my letters?"

"I have received a good many—about twenty. It was a risky thing to write, and—"

"If I had not written to you, I should have gone out of my mind. Those letters were my only consolation," she burst out.

Talbot looked embarrassed, but made no reply, and she went on, the tears now streaming down her wan face.

"Darling, you know how I love you; you cannot leave me."

Little did she guess that he wore a shield that made him proof against all her wiles—the armor of his first love—a girl at home. For months he had wished most fervently that he had never seen Mrs. Grimshaw. Her wild letters and protestations had filled him with a mixture of uneasiness and contempt; he had never desired her love—only her friendship.

"And you really mean that you go by the next mail?"

"Yes; my passage is taken."
"And I—how am I to bear it? Oh! my heart feels as if it were being torn out. You must take me with you." And she flung her arms around his neck, and sobbed on his breast.

"Mr. Talbot," said a low, fierce voice from the darkness, and Madeline gave a stifled shriek. "I thought I warned you," and the voice was now followed into the light by a figure, "to drop your acquaintance with my wife. Now you must take the consequences."

A circle of seven grave-faced men, four of them being magistrates, collected in Peter Porter's room before daybreak—Peter, his two sons David and Jonathan, Joe Bell, Macnab, Grimshaw and Talbot. Grimshaw was speaking, and between each sentence he drew a deep breath.

"This fellow Talbot came to my house as a guest. He made love to my wife—a year ago—I warned him off. To-night I saw him with my wife in his arms. Bell saw him too. You know the rule—we fight—the world can't hold both of us."

"That's a fact," assented Peter Porter.

"Now, Talbot, what have you to say?"

"That I swear I am absolutely innocent of what Mr. Grimshaw accuses me. Mrs. Grimshaw and I come from the same part of the world and have many friends and memories in common. These draw people together when they meet at the antipodes. Mrs. Grimshaw was very kind to me, and by my sacred word of honor I have never uttered a word of love to her in my life."

"Bah!" broke in Bell impatiently.

"It is true, and to prove it I am engaged to be married to a girl I love better than all the world. Does anyone suppose that under these circumstances I would be such a blackguard as to start a wretched intrigue with a married woman?"

"Here is her photograph!" And he fumbled in his pocket for a locket. Out fell a little viper of a note, which Grimshaw pounced upon.

"Darling, meet me at the end veranda at one o'clock." Is not that enough?" he cried, looking into the grave faces of his neighbors. "I find my wife to prove black was white. I find my wife in his arms, her note in his pocket; it's all innocence—all purest friendship. Are we fools?" he raved.

"No, we are not fools," echoed Bell solemnly.

"Then it's this: You come out in the bush and stand up at thirty paces, and you kill me or I kill you. What do you say?" panted Grimshaw, who was almost beside himself.

"I say no," said Talbot steadily, though he had grown rather pale. Evidence was against him—the feeling was against him—how could he clear himself at the woman's expense?—the woman who pestered him with her love and her letters? No, for the sake of womankind—for the sake of his mother and Mabel—no.

"No," he repeated, "I am blameless, though you may not believe me. I don't wish to take your life, nor risk my own, which is of value to my father and mother and my future wife, as well as myself."

"You scoundrel, if you don't stand up like a man you shall be hounded out of Australia. You have committed the one unpardonable sin, and broken the laws of hospitality. Also, I shall divorce my wife, and all the papers in England shall ring with your shame!"

"Fight," whispered David Porter; "it's your only chance." David half believed

in, and wholly pitied, this pale young Englishman.

At daybreak, a party of seven set out for a lonely spot about three miles from the station. But six returned; they left Walter Talbot lying in the scrub face downwards with a bullet in his breast. It had all been carried out with due respect to the obsolete rules of duelling.

The six conspirators rode home, and went to bed. At breakfast time Talbot was missing. His absence created no surprise, but at twelve o'clock a black boy brought in news that a dead man lay in the bush. A search party set out at once and brought back with them the body of Walter Talbot, who had evidently destroyed himself, but why? Last night, barely twelve hours ago, who so happy, so full of hope and vitality, and the *join de vivre*, as Walter Talbot?

A formal inquest was held on the remains; there was no difficulty in pronouncing it a case of death from suicide. Even this was hidden from Talbot's people at home, who have been led to suppose that he died of sunstroke. Nor do they dream that he died to save the name of a notoriously worthless woman—a woman who guessed the truth—a woman who did not long survive him, and who on her deathbed confessed that her infatuation for poor Walter had led to his untimely fate, and that he, the innocent, had suffered for the guilty. Mabelie lies beside the first Mrs. Grimshaw, but no headstone marks the spot where she is buried.

As for Bernard Grimshaw, he has sold all interest in Linga Longa and become a taciturn wanderer upon the face of the globe.

Sir John Talbot has no male heir. He and a pretty, sad-faced girl occupy the great family pew, above which has been recently erected a white marble monument to "the memory of Walter Talbot, late of this parish." The man deplores a son, the girl a lover, who lies far away in a rude grave in the desolate Australian bush. Little do they suppose that they owe this mutual and irreparable loss to a certain Mrs. Bernard Grimshaw—otherwise "the Spider."

[THE END.]



The Beginning of an Empire. Punch.

A Carpenter's Story.

Stricken With La Grippe, Followed by Rheumatism.

Suffered a Great Deal and for Two Months Was Unable to Work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Health.

From The Reporter, Palmerton, Ont.

There is not a better known man in Palmerton than Mr. James Skea, who for the past twenty-four years has followed the trade of carpentry in the town. Mr. Skea, who is a native of the Orkney Islands, is now sixty-six years of age, and is hale and hearty. A few years ago he was attacked with grip, which left in its wake acute rheumatism. For two months he was unable to work and suffered a great deal from this dread disease. He used several kinds of liniments, but to no avail. Having read in the papers of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People he decided to try them. He took one box and was surprised at the effect. He took a second and finally a third, when he found that his old enemy was about routed. To a Reporter representative, who called upon him at his residence to find out if the reported cure was correct, Mr. Skea said: "I was greatly surprised at the result of taking a couple of boxes. I suffered fearfully, but they made a new man of me, and fixed me right up. I now take them every spring and fall to guard against colds and grip. They are the only thing that does me any good. Mr. Campbell or Mr. Thom will tell you that. I wouldn't be without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anything. They are the best medicine in the world. Though I am up in years, my health is good and I am right as a dollar. I attribute it to the use of these pills. I recommended them to Mr. William Beattie, carpenter foreman on the G.N.W., who had also been troubled with rheumatism, and they speedily effected a cure in his case."

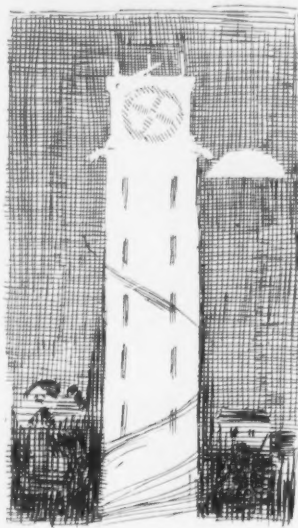
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Hardluck—My life reminds me of the career of a golf ball. Felt—Why? Hardluck—Because I am helped out of one hole only to get into another.—Buzzer.

One War Correspondent. There is one religious rite I could delight in. Another One—And what is that? One War Correspondent—Swinging a censor.—Minneapolis Journal.

Mr. Bunting—Young Grimshaw is going to marry old Miss Brodskers. Mrs. Bunting (astonished)—For the land's sake! Mr. Bunting—Partly, and partly for her bank account.—Puck.

An Oppressive Presence.



BROWN came into my office several days ago. Generally I can work while he talks, but this day I had to look up several times to see what was affecting him. He chattered on but would interrupt himself in the middle of a sentence and look abruptly out of the window. Finally he rose to go. "Come now, Brown, what have you on your mind?" I said.

He stopped, with his hand on the door-knob. "It was coming up Bay street—" then he looked at me and hesitated; "O, nothing," he said, and was gone.

The next time I saw Brown he was walking along in the haze of a dusky evening with his head bent and his hands clasped behind. At my greeting he looked up and I could see trouble written on his face; he was unkempt and his eye had a far-away light in it.

"Now, Brown," I remarked decidedly, "what is the matter with you?"

He tried to evade the question, but I mentally pinned him to the wall and pressed the point.

"It is a ghost; I walk around seeing a ghost, a tall, cumbersome spook, flinging its substance sheer into the air—"

"I know you don't drink," I said. "You are overworked; the heat is affecting you; your nerves are on edge and you had better get off to the country for a day or so."

"It wasn't a ghost at first, it was merely something tall and big; but it grew, grew till I see it in my dreams, as I see it from every point of view in this city—a long, flimsy, soul harrowing spectre. I will not tell you what it is. You may not see it now, but wait, wait just a little; it may be a week, or perhaps not for months, but you will see it, and it will grow on you as it has on me, and you will know then, when it has alighted itself on the inner rim of your consciousness. I have gone here, and I have gone there, but always it follows; the best I can do is to blot out the lower portion, it is so high—so hopelessly high."

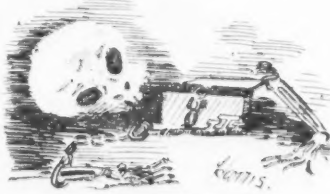
I stood with my legs wide apart and stared at Brown for the space of fifteen seconds, and his eye wandered, and the shifting light played on his pallid countenance.

"Can you show it to me, Brown?" I asked.

For answer he turned and pointed, far above the tree tops south, and then I saw it, a laugh on my lips, but somehow as I gazed I heard Brown's despairing words and saw the picture of his face.

"But, my dear fellow," I said as I turned him and linked my arm within his own, "you know what that is?"

"I know," was his answer; "it will always be there." He half stopped and glanced sideways over his shoulder. "The grim, ghastly ghost flinging its skeleton through the mist—you will see it; wait."



Cousin Jonathan's Courage.

THE daring feat of Lieutenant Hobson has recalled to our minds, says *Youth's Companion*, two similar individual deeds of desperate bravery which occurred during our war with Tripoli.

It is hardly credible that the United States once paid large sums to the piratical Barbary states for leave to navigate the seas without assault. During the administrations of Washington and Adams the ships of the United States navy were several times employed in carrying silver coin by the barrel to the Dey of Algiers and the Bashaw of Tripoli. By command of the dey the Yankee flag was hauled down from the mast of the George Washington and his own flag hoisted in its place, and the country suffered, for a long time without protest, similar indignities from the bashaw. At last the insolence could be tolerated no longer, and war was declared.

The next year the frigate Philadelphia struck a rock in the harbor of Tripoli, and was seized by the enemy, the officers were thrown into prison and the crew of three hundred men reduced to slavery. The Turks raised the vessel and began to refit her for use.

Lieutenant Decatur, in a little vessel named the Intrepid, with a half-dozen daring young fellows crept into the harbor at nightfall and made fast to the Philadelphia under pretense of wanting anchorage. As they grappled the huge ship the Turks leaped to their arms, but the Yankees were already on board. They drove the crew over the side, hooped combustibles in the hold, set fire to them, and

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I. MORLEY CHADWICK, L.R.C.P. (Lond.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.).

In ordering from your baker see that the John Bull trade mark band is on each loaf. If your baker has not got it, or is just all out of it, send postal card to

WEIR SPECIALTY CO., Limited

99 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

escaped in their little boat to the war frigate waiting for them while the Philadelphia burned to the water's edge.

Six months later the harbor of Tripoli was blockaded by Commodore Preble. Lieutenant Richard Somers and eleven men volunteered to fit up the Intrepid as a fire ship, to take her into the harbor and explode her in the midst of the Turkish fleet to destroy it.

Twenty thousand pounds of powder and two hundred shells were packed in her hold, and a slow fuse attached. On a dark night Lieutenant Somers sailed with her toward the Turkish squadron; but she was seen, struck by a bomb, and set on fire. She exploded and sank, doing no damage to the enemy. Richard Somers and all of his crew were lost.

But when we talk of the brave deeds of to-day which are successful, let us not forget the boys who long ago gave their lives for their country—in vain.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diphtheria, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Why?

For Saturday Night.

Why should I stand all alone in the darkness,
Pitiously pleading for that which is mine?
Why should I harrow my innermost being with
Doctrines, and dogma, and precept, and line?

Why should I weary my soul with my crying,
Seeking for some special feeling to tell
That I may now feel assured of the kingdom,
Know myself snatched from the burnings of hell?

Why should the thought of elect and election
Close my wet eyes to the beauties of earth;
Make of my life a Sahara of darkness,
Poisonous flowers and festering death?

Why should I shrink from the love that is offered,
Deeming myself all unfit to receive it?
Father in Heaven, dispel the illusion,
Help me to see thee, and seeing believe.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Five Pounds For Big Pat.

The newspaper writers of Australia are notoriously outspoken. Mr. Patrick McCaughan, one of the most prominent Australian squatter kings, has just been awarded £5 damages in an amusing libel action against the Melbourne *Argus*. The plaintiff attended a fancy dress ball, given by Lord Brassey at Government House, in the character of La Fayette, and the paper referred to him in verses of which the following is a sample:

An' Ceres fled when he loomed up near,
An' Hebe declined to stay,
An' pretty Minerva, wid helm an' spear,
Grew faint when he came her way.
They tried to escape the threatening shape,
The mountain of moving brain;
For they knew, I'll bet, though 'twas La Fayette.

That 'twas also Pat McCaughan,
You towered over great an' small,
Did you feel as big as you looked that night?
I think so, Pat McCaughan.

"When I proposed to her she asked me if I was a new recruit." "What did she mean?" "She wanted to know if I had ever participated in an engagement before."—Chicago Record.

"They tell me your wife is a particularly fine housekeeper." "Exercisingly so. I've seen that woman sprinkle the clock with insect powder to get rid of the ticks."—Detroit Free Press.

The Wabash Railroad Company

With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tillsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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Rainbow

are not more varied or more brilliant than the colors in that modern, English Home Dye of highest quality, Maypole Soap.

And, too, like the rainbow, Maypole Soap promises brighter days and successful results to the woman who dyes at home.

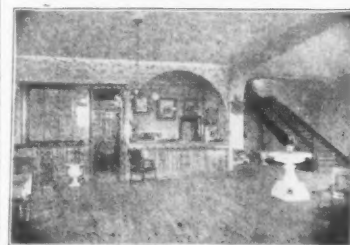
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Assistant—This critic finds fault with the prima donna for "uncertainty of attack." Manager—He ought to be around when she tackles me.—Puck.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

The Profesh.



THE term actor is a broad and comprehensive one, covering everything from the gentleman who eats carpet tacks and chimney lamps to the potentate who drips gore in Macbeth; from the lady with the yellow head and brick-red voice to the monetary heroine in the tuberculosis drama (writes Joseph Smith in *Life*). The terminology used in connection with the player's exploitation indicates his standing in the theatrical circles; but the niche in the temple of fame selected by him for his permanent abiding-place is seldom the one allotted to him by that unfeeling janitor of the building, the public. The titles and adjectives of the actor are usually in the inverse ratio to his merit, for in this age of brass and adulteration, ink has been found to be an excellent substitute for genius.

The actor begins his career as Jimmy Jags, the famous, invincible, unsurpassed and unapproachable American vocalist and Græco-Roman comedian; he passes upward and onward as James Jags, the star terpsichorean artist and singer; he progresses to Jags, the only Jags, the leading comedian of farce comedy; thence forward to Mr. James Jags, with his own carefully selected organization in an American character drama, and he reaches the dizzy dignity of fame, interviews and syndicate portraits as Mr. Jags, appearing in refined English comedy—with an occasional flyer at the humor of the late Mr. Shakespeare—under the chaperonage of some distinguished exile from Palestine. As Jimmy Jags he moved the gallery to Homeric mirth by pungent references to the Bard of Avon as a "stiff" and a "has been"; but as Mr. Jags he patronizes American manufacturers of drama, keeps his own special Hebrew padrone, and jestingly acknowledges to the official appraisers of the trust that there are only a few of us left who can interpret the noble masterpieces of English comedy.

She begins her mad and merry life in murky music halls, in short skirts, short sketches and short hair—ochre-toned, a small singing voice, a large head, and a bump-proof nerve and digestion. As Maggie Millingham she storms the gallery with the activity of her feet, and pumps its tears with the penetrative anguish of her mother songs.

In Rice opera and burlesque she achieves bill-boards, lion-on, champagne and artless portraits in minor monthlies; she acquires the idolatry of callow clubmen and the fame of continuous performance in marriage and divorce; but she is now Miss Maggie Millingham. As she accumulates years, fat, and experience, her hair resumes its normal hue, her small singing voice is placed on file, the pathos of her mother songs remains in her throat for emotional emergencies, her underpinning is coyly shrouded in long draperies, and she does outraged maidens and broken-hearted young mothers to shivery music as Miss Margaret Millingham. When she snares a retired grocer, with more dollars than sense, and with a wild passion for dramatic art and hand-made beauty, she will storm second-class cities with an ancient and honorable band of artists, and, by the genius of a persistent and parous press agent, compel the homage of the New Jerusalem Stage Syndicate. Then, as Miss Millingham, she will take a hack at Rosalind and Juliet; she will fearlessly assault and batter Ophelia and Lady Macbeth; her portraits will sell for a quarter; and she may torture the public

in a star aggregation with the haughty Mr. Jags.

This is fame. She is now gazed upon with awe by the fakirs and padrones; her domestic infelicities overshadow the Monroe doctrine; she is in demand for testimonials to soaps, tooth washes, bicycles and malt products; and she views her name in two-foot letters on forty-foot bill-boards with indifference and *ennui*.

Should the actor have decency, industry, a genius for dramatic art, and a meek and lowly spirit, he may hope to be permitted to enter the forces of the Abrahamic Trust and become a satellite to the blazing suns of Jags and Millingham, and, by honorable subservience, be noticed at times by the literary bureau of the Mosaic Syndicate; but it is only when the actor has pushed fearlessly through the common sewers of notoriety and displayed a fine Bohemian contempt for the Decalogue that he can hope to attain Mosaic patronage and be transformed from a poser to a player.

Sporting Comment.

The Ottawa Canoe Club, under whose auspices the Canadian swimming championships were held this year, were surprised, it is said, at the entries they received. They had sent out entry blanks to the principal aquatic clubs of America, but more by way of courtesy than with any expectation of seeing them filled in by the crack swimmers of distant places. Three men came up from New York Athletic Club, including Reeder, the champion one hundred yards man of America. Dr. Paul Neumann, champion mile swimmer of the world, having won that distinction in the recent revival of the Olympic games, represented the Chicago Athletic Club. Two Toronto Swimming Club men and many others from more or less distant points, were contestants, and William Lawless, the great Canadian swimmer, who now belongs to Ottawa, also helped to make the entry list a remarkable one. The course was laid in the Ottawa river opposite the club house. There is a three-mile an hour current at this point—perhaps it is even faster than that—and in order to equalize this as much as possible, the swimmers swam across it. A scow was anchored out in the river, and in the hundred yards event the contestants were paddled out in canoes and swam in from the scow. Neumann, in this event, swimming with his face down, was carried fifty yards down stream by the current and was thus prevented from showing up as well as he might have done. Reeder won the race, with Wilkinson of the Toronto Swimming Club second, a couple of yards behind. The time, 1:30 and a fraction, was slow for one hundred yards, even taking the current into consideration. Reeder has a mark of 57 seconds for the distance. However, it was affirmed by the contestants and admitted by the officials that owing to the current and depth of the river it was impossible to lay out an exact course. The distance was probably nearly 150 yards. In the half mile, Dr. Neumann of Chicago won with fifty yards to spare. He swam a beautiful Trudgen stroke the entire distance. The current and eddies played all sorts of tricks with the next event, the "swim under water." Some of the attempts resulted in the swimmers turning a complete circle and emerging closer to the float than where they struck the water. Others were carried away below the club house and came up among a fleet of canoes along the bank. Douglas of New York won this event. The water, though clear, is the color of tea and so deep that Lawless and others frequently dive off the roof of the club house. There was, therefore, absolutely no way of telling where one was going. Neumann and Lawless have expressed their intention of competing in the Toronto Swimming Club's annual tournament at Hanlan's Point to-day.

The North-Western regatta taking place in Toronto this year, the idea of making it the basis of an elaborate aquatic carnival was conceived and a sum was donated by the city, chiefly through the efforts of Alderman Hanlan. Subscriptions were raised and the idea became an assured fact. The regatta will occupy the whole week beginning Monday, August 8. It is difficult to provide accommodation for spectators at an aquatic event of this kind, and it is impossible to collect gate-money. Perhaps it is just as well for the amateur spirit of aquatics that it is so. Nevertheless, arrangements have been made for spectators to a limited extent. On Friday tickets to subscribers to the regatta fund and their friends will admit spectators to the three big club-houses to see the canoe, swimming and skill events. On Thursday evening the Argonauts give a smoker and present prizes for the rowers. On Friday the Canoe Club give a similar entertainment at the presentation of prizes in skill, swimming and paddling events, and on Saturday evening the R.C.Y.C. do the hospitable for the yachtsmen. A steamer was to have been chartered for the week for the convenience of spectators, but the lowest offer of the steamboat people was \$1,000, and as the total grant of the city was but \$500 and the medals in the Canadian Association rowing regatta alone cost \$500, there is naturally enough money needed in other ways.

The arrangement of the programme for the week is as follows: On Monday and Tuesday, August 8 and 9, the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen will run off their ten events. Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to the North-Western regatta. Friday will witness the swimming, canoeing and skill-sailing, and Saturday will wind up the week with the yachting events. The skill and half-race entry list is very large. Hamilton, Buffalo and Montreal being represented. There are eleven different clubs represented in the Canadian Association rowing events, while it is understood that many of the crack A.C.A. canoeists will be here. If the affair is

carried out as intended—and there is no reason to suppose otherwise—the Citizens' Regatta of August, 1898, will be the biggest thing of its kind in the history of aquatics in Toronto, if not Canada.

The Toronto Canoe Club are handling the canoe events in the Citizens' regatta next week. The committee having charge of entries consists of George Wilkie, chairman, George W. Begg, Herb Begg and E. J. Hathaway, secretary. Eight gold medals will be awarded for the chief events—singles, tandems and fours—and valuable prizes for the other events. The programme includes single blade, single tandem and fours, double-blade single, tail-end race, gunwale race (single blade), tilting tournament and war canoe race, all of which are open to members of recognized aquatic clubs. These events will take place on the afternoon of Friday, August 12.

The swimming events in the big regatta will be under the auspices of the Toronto Swimming Club. It is arranged that they be pulled off in conjunction with the paddling races. There are three events, one hundred yards, fifty yards handicap and quarter mile. Handsome medals will be awarded.

It is a pity that 'Varsity did not have a crew ready for the big regatta. She seems to have lost enthusiasm since last season. Although there are several 'Varsity men rowing, they didn't start till late in the season, and haven't got together in a real workable four even yet. There is some good material this year too, and it seems a pity, after the way the four distinguished themselves last year, that the University should allow rowing to lapse.

The great cricket match in England between the Gentlemen and Players, in celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Dr. W. G. Grace, proved an immense success, and was productive of some tall scoring. The Players made 335 and 263, and the Gentlemen 303 and 158, the professionals thus winning by 137 runs. Grace himself made 13 and not out 31.

A sensational match between Yorkshire and Kent has resulted in a victory for the Hop County and the lowering of the colors of the championship county, who thus sustain their first defeat of the season. For the winning county, Mr. C. J. Burnup, who will comprise one of Mr. Warner's eleven which is shortly to play in Toronto, scored 60 not out. Mr. Burnup also made 108 for Kent against Essex, and playing a few days later for the London Stock Exchange he also made a good score.

This week I received a letter from George W. Orton, the peerless mile runner, who is now a student in Berlin, Germany. He stopped off in London for the English athletic championships. At the Oxford-Cambridge games, Mr. Orton met Mr. Jack Cawthra, who wore Cambridge colors in the three-mile run and made a good showing; also Mr. Carlton, a Trinity graduate, who wore Oxford colors in the one-mile run. "As for myself," writes Mr. Orton, "I merely halted in England to see if a Canadian were made of good enough material to carry off one of those much-prized medals. The medal now rests securely in my trunk. Since arriving in Berlin I have received notice that the championships of the Continent come off here on August 14. I shall endeavor to carry off an event." Mr. Orton strongly urges that a Canadian athletic team be sent to England next summer.

A marvelous long jumper has appeared in Newburn. When C. B. Fry jumped 23 ft. 6 in., no one supposed it would be beaten for many years; but now Newburn not only cleared 21 ft. 6 in. when competing against Scotland, but actually, in a contest at Mullingar the other day, jumped 21 ft. 6 in., or 1 ft. 6 in. more than Fry.

The Nationals have defeated the Shamrocks again. It is hard to understand how it is that one club after another is defeated by the Nationals, and yet the latter is called the weakest club in the league. The so-called weakest team is now in second place, having won three and lost two. The Capitals have won four and lost but one. They have three games to play—as have all the teams but the Shamrocks, which have four. If the Caps lose two and Toronto wins three, which is very unlikely, the two clubs would be tied for first place—providing that the Nationals hadn't won two more or the Cornwalls three more. As I don't happen to know which clubs are to meet, I'm afraid this speculation is not of much value.

THE EMPIRE.

On the Links.

ONE of the finest exhibitions of golf ever witnessed in the United States was, according to all accounts, that in the semi-finals and finals for the President's cup at the Shinnecock Hills links last

Thursday and Friday. In speaking of it the New York *Evening Post* calls attention to the fact that the two semi-final matches—the one between George C. Clark, jr., and Walter J. Travis, and the other between H. B. Hollins, jr., of Westbrook, and Foxhall Keene—were trials between mechanical skill and natural, unconscious style assumed in the early stage of life. Clark, who is the winner of the champion medal at Harvard, is only nineteen, while Hollins is a Cutler's schoolboy of sixteen. Their opponents were older men whose play, though brilliant, showed little of the easy, swinging grace that characterized the movements of Clark and Hollins. In both matches the younger players came out victorious. "In spite of an embarrassingly large crowd which critically followed the play throughout, and in spite of the fact that the losers were seasoned veterans as regards a gallery. In the Travis-Clark match it was nip and tuck from the start, but in the end style had the better of long familiarity with such scenes. In the Hollins-Keene match the same remark is applicable to a greater degree, and for



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WALSH OF TORONTO.

once in the history of a tournament in this country the clean, smooth, rhythmic swing proved beyond question that it pays in the end, as against the stiff, cramped forearm style so marked in players who began late in life." In the finals between Hollins and Clark the game of golf has seldom, if ever, on this side of the ocean, been played as these cool-headed boys played it. The *Post* says: "In spite of their youth, the immense throng that followed in their wake both morning and afternoon failed to disconcert either to the extent that might have been expected, and considering the importance of the match and the effect generally resulting from such occasions, a finer exhibition of the game was never witnessed in this country. The men stuck to one another like leeches and not until an extra hole had been played was the issue beyond dispute."

At one stage of the game, however, Hollins played in such irresistible style that everything pointed to a run-away match. Clark apparently braced up in the face of possible defeat and recovered lost ground to such good effect that at the end of the morning's play Hollins had only two holes to his credit. In the afternoon both settled down to steady business, and it was a close fight up to the seventeenth hole, with Clark standing every chance of a win. "Then Hollins, in spite of the fact that he had never had the honor since leaving the seventh tee, and the fact that he was thoroughly fagged out, played as never man played before under such forbidding conditions. Fully aware that even a half at the seventeenth hole lost him the match, and under the trying position of playing the odd in the second, he pitched his ball within ten feet of the hole. Clark, who had a simple run up shot, lay dead, was short on the like, and failed to hole out in three. Hollins, in response, brought off his long put for the hole and was then done one. Some yards shorter than Clark from the tee for the home, the Cutler boy played the odd for the green and pitched just on the edge. Clark on the like over-ran, and pitching his third instead of running up, was again short. This apparently so disconcerted him that he fiddled backwards and forwards over the hole to such an extent that it took him six to pocket his ball. In the meantime Hollins had holed out in four and squared a match that from the thirteenth hole seemed hopelessly lost." The odd hole went to Hollins in play that was absolutely faultless. Playing the odd on the second he took a driving m-ahie and getting away a perfect ball, not only reached the green, but hit the red of the risk and lay dead. Clark meanwhile was lunging away in the long grass and was hopelessly out of it.

The date of the tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake has not yet been fixed. Early in the season it was decided to have it about the end of July or in August, but the committee have not been able to come to any settled conclusion and no definite arrangements have so far been made. Mr. Charles Hunter, however, has been playing over the links during the week, and reports them as being in better condition than they have been for years.

Mr. Archie Kerr, Mr. Alec McKenzie, Mr. Willie Blake and Mr. Jack Moss are enjoying golf on Mr. S. H. Blake's links at Murray Bay. They and a number of our other well known players are busily practicing up to be in readiness for the tournaments on the last day of this month and the first of September—the two important events of the year, when the two provinces and the two countries will meet and match their skill on the beautiful links of the Toronto Club.

Miss Lucy McLean Howard, who has been out of town for several weeks, has returned.

Although the names of the ten who will play in the international match on October 1 are not officially given out yet, and are not supposed to be known until after the interprovincial match, four have already been chosen by the committee. They are: A. W. Smith and Archie Kerr of the Toronto Club, George Lyon of Rosedale, and Patteson of Hamilton. The other six

will probably be chosen from among the following:—Kirk, Hood, Brown and Johnson of Rosedale; Blake, Thompson, Law, Gordon and Scott of the Torontos; Watson of Montreal; Griffin and Gillespie of Quebec; Capon and Carruthers of Kingston; Palmer and Simpson of Ottawa, and Brown of London. The tournament is exciting wide-spread interest and is being keenly looked forward to.

HAZARD.

He Crushed the Waiter.

AN author of distinction and of distinguished appearance, living in Boston, left his house at an early hour of the morning, feeling so far from well that he had been unable to take any breakfast. But being somewhat refreshed by his walk and the invigorating air, he decided it would be better for him before beginning his day's work in his office to partake of some light refreshment, and, happening to pass a fashionable restaurant, he entered.

Immediately the waiters, who from long practice are generally able to size up a man and a prospective fee, advanced with all the haste compatible with the dignity of the house. But it so happened that the author was taken in charge by the grandest of the grand waiters, with the grandest of grand manners, who took the customer's hat and overcoat and put them away, and then stood smiling blandly, awaiting the order.

The author, scarcely glancing at the bill of fare which the waiter laid before him, said: "Bring me a milk toast."

The waiter heard, but remained motionless, all attention to hear the rest of the anticipated large order.

"That is all I want," said the author. "I hurry up."

The waiter, surprised almost beyond maintaining his habitual dignity, managed at last to move off, with disappointment and contempt stamped upon every feature of his countenance.

The author had not failed to notice the disposition of the waiter, and had already dropped back into his pocket the generous fee he had intended, when the waiter, after some delay, purposely protracted no doubt, slowly returned with the toast, laying down at the same time, as the custom of the house was, a check for twenty-five cents, the price of the modest dish.

"That's a small check," he remarked, superciliously.

"Yes," said the author, quickly; "it would have been fifty cents at a first-class house."

A Famous First Night.

THE death of Louisa Moore, sister of Nelly Moore of the Haymarket, the original Ada Ingot in David Garrick, reminds me of one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever witnessed within the walls of a theater (writes Clement Scott in an English paper). I have been present at several famous first nights and an eye-witness of many sensational *frances*, but the night when a venerable dramatic critic harangued an actor manager from the stalls is a record worth recounting. Louisa Moore, a charming actress, and the original Blanche Haye in Robertson's *Ours*, was also the original boy Josephs in Charles Reade's drama, *Never Too Late to Mend*, founded on a novel and older drama called *Gold*.

It is to the first night at the old Princess's Theater, in October, 1865, when the play and Josephs first appeared, that I would draw your attention. Charles Reade's drama was a "play with a purpose." It was founded on facts contained in Blue Books, illustrative of the iniquities of prison discipline as were proved in connection with the Birmingham Borough Jail.

The audience at a very early hour was irritated at the realism of some of the prison scenes and the vigor of Charles Reade's language, but when Louisa Moore, as the boy Josephs, who had been sent to prison for stealing bread to eat, and half dead with consumption, was tied up to the triangles to be lashed by a warder at the command of the brutal Governor Hawes, the cries of Louisa Moore were so

agonizing, and, apparently, so real, that the audience broke out into open revolt.

And so did the dramatic critics. Up jumped, his eyes flashing fire, and trembling with passion, old, white-haired Frederick Guest Tomlins, the critic of the *Morning Advertiser*, and publicly protested against the brutality and barbarism of such a revolting scene. Whereupon George Vining, who was playing Tom Robinson, came to the front and addressed the audience, not as an actor, but as the manager of the theater. He talked grandiloquently about Blue Books and actual facts, whereupon they roared from the pit. "We don't want any Blue Books here. Sell them for waste-paper."

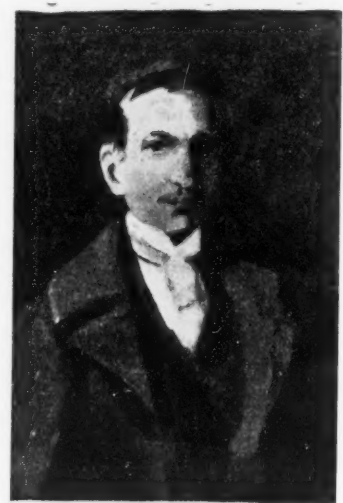
But George Vining, who hated criticism when it was not fulsome praise, made an onslaught on old Tomlins, and with very bad taste reminded him that he had no right to protest, as he had not paid for his seat. In fact, the manager shook his fist over the footlights and said, "If you want to protest, don't come in free!"

Yells and cat-calls followed the manager's sarcasm, and before the evening was over George Vining, with what is called managerial tact, though there is an uglier word for it, had to make a complete "volte face," and to apologize to "the gentlemen of the press who had honored him with their presence that evening."

This was one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever witnessed in a theater, and it created a great stir, and controversy also. In those days hissing was as common in a theater as cheering, and the "grand old man" of dramatic journalism, who was a great scholar, a Shakespearean student, and the clerk to an old City Company—the Painters—was patted on the back by his confederates for his vigorous protest against vulgar realism.

Books and Shop Talk.

THE *False Chevalier*, by William Douw Lighthall of Montreal, is a very interesting book, and one that may make quite a stir. It is a romantic story of a young French-Canadian, who goes to France in 1784 and soon finds himself hobnobbing with nobility, and himself, by a chance, accepted as being a noble. Falling in love with a Montmorency he cannot induce himself to admit his humble origin, and so accepts the false position thrust upon him. He gets a commission in the army, and when at last he is denounced in Paris by a French-Canadian seigneur he braves the thing out, fights two duels, and demands time to return to Canada to bring over the proofs of his identity and of the nobility of his family. By hook and by crook he gets a lot of papers together, but an enemy gets papers too, that expose him utterly. This second package of papers is stolen and put into his hands, and so he is publicly cleared and restored to his place in the army. Then comes the revolution, whereupon he does good work for the king and queen, and is finally arrested himself. In the Bastille, he, with his army



William Douw Lighthall, Author of "The False Chevalier."

comrades, is awaiting death, when a citizen enters, declares him a cheat, and produces the packet of letters proving him an imposter. He admits it all, and although he has stood by the cause to the end, his aristocratic comrades in this hour of last extremity turn their backs upon him. Then he is taken to the cell of his lady-love and denounced and made to admit himself a plebeian, grandson of a butcher, son of a merchant, and himself an apothecary's clerk. He makes the fullest confession to clear his conscience before death. The titled lady embraces him, notwithstanding his imposture. Then he is led to the guillotine, and his lady-love, sat free, sees him die, and is, next morning, found dead beside his body. The story is well told and contains much of interest about the early days of English rule in Quebec.

The life of Lord Randolph Churchill, which was to have been written by Mr. Curzon, M.P., will be written instead by Mr. Winston Churchill, son of Lord Randolph. This young man is the author of that notable book, *The Celebrity*, and other novels and stories.

J. M. Barrie is said to be making a play out of George Meredith's novel, *Evan Harrington*.

A Romance.

Life.

SCENE I.

The Count (in a businesslike way)—Mr. Rocky, I need money, your daughter needs a title, and—

SCENE II.

(Three minutes later.)

Mr. Rocky (to footman)—James, the window needs a new glass.

"My wife always agrees with me." "How on earth do you manage it?" "I first find out her opinion."—*Life*.

Hobo Island

A Commercial Traveler's Story of a
Generous Experiment.

By Mack.

SYNOPSIS.—Mr. Hopper, a commercial traveler, stopping overnight at a hotel on the Georgian Bay, falls in with a well known university professor, and sees him at midnight in conversation with two disreputable-looking men under the hotel window. The Professor comes to Mr. Hopper's room and expects a promise that he shall not inform anyone next morning of what he saw. The Professor explains that he is secretly taking twenty-three tramps and beggars from the city jail up to an island owned by him in the Georgian Bay, where he intends to establish them in log houses so that they can support themselves by fishing and hunting and escape the vice and hardship of city life. Next morning Mr. Hopper finds that his trunk has been gone through and many of his samples stolen, and that the hotel bar had been robbed of liquors and cigars. The Professor had gone away at 1.30 a.m., and Hopper suspects his tramps of the robbery. He makes arrangements to set out in search of Hobo Island to recover his goods and look after the Professor. His friend, Hemphill, arrives; they store a small sailing-yacht with provisions, and set out. On the evening of the second day they fall in with an old Englishman, Sir Myles Deep, who, with two serving-men, is on an island awaiting the arrival of the knight's steam-yacht from Sarina, with a party of tourists and supplies. Hopper and Hemphill stay for supper and accept an invitation to remain over-night. The old knight regales the young men with interesting stories of his travels in various countries, and a pleasant evening is spent. In the morning their host has gone, taking their bed and provisions and leaving them with one day's food and an old row-boat, to which is pinned a note, saying that he has gone to look for his steam-yacht and will return by eight o'clock. They suspect that Sir Myles is a thief and hunting, but decide to wait until ten o'clock for his possible return. Finally they set out and search everywhere. They are picked up by a party of campers from Buffalo and taken to the nearest port on the shore, and find that Sir Myles had been there, wired inquiries about his yacht, and sailed back towards his island. They take a steamer for the port whence they had originally put out, and on the way the boat stops to pick up a passenger from a rock, who proves to be Professor Jones, who a quarter of a mile away runs Sir Myles with the stolen boat. The Professor says he will tell them all that happened to him.

PART VI.



The Professor's account of his adventures was so frequently interrupted by our enquiries and explanations that I could not give it in his own words, so make a long story

short; will summarize it. It will be remembered that his tramps, with the big boat, lay in a bay some distance up the shore above the town, and on the morning of the robbery he saw nothing of them until he reached that point. They had all, apparently, just been aroused, and soon after his arrival hoisted sail and started for their island. The men were in high spirits, and the Professor was delighted with his whole scheme until after they had been sailing about two hours, when he saw the men passing around a bottle of whiskey and a tin cup. He had made it a condition that there was to be no drinking save when he saw fit to distribute liquor, and he expostulated. It was here that Adams, the tramp printer, (our Sir Myles), first caught the Professor's attention and asserted an influence over the men. He suggested that they should all have one drink and then hand over the liquor to the Professor. "You know there's only a dozen bottles," he said, and the men laughed significantly. The Professor did not see the point, as he had bought a dozen bottles and no more. When they finally reached the island he found that they had more liquor on board than he had provided, and also cigars and a lot of dry goods, not to mention some geese and chickens (their necks wrung) and a lot of wearing apparel that could only have been found on country clothes-lines.

From the start he found himself without the least authority, and the command wavered between the tramp printer and an ignorant brute called "Grabby," who wanted to divide the liquor at once and have a spree. But gradually the tramp printer won over the men, got the liquor under lock and key, and caught the humor of the camp by treating the Professor with mock courtesy. That learned gentleman made a speech to them when they were all boisterous with liquor, pointing out what he had done for them and meant to do, whereupon "Grabby" tried to make a speech, but was forestalled by the tramp printer, who made a flowery oration, supporting Prof. Jones, yet giving him openly, so that the men roared with delight. Then Adams got the Professor aside and told him that he would see him through, and was only giving him in order to win control of the gang, after which they would send off "Grabby" and a couple of his tough pals, and the Professor could carry out his plans in peace. The old row-boat was found on the island, and the tramp printer, dressing himself in the best clothes he could find, went off with the two men he could trust, to talk with them and perfect his plans. It was here that we happened upon him, and he stayed away over-night and most of the next day. In his absence the tramp, led on by "Grabby," assaulted the Professor, who was caught trying to make off with the big boat, and breaking open the liquor they spent the night in one grand orgy. Prof. Jones was subjected to every indignity and some violence, was forced to go in swimming and nearly drowned, and compelled to drink a lot of whiskey himself. Several men slept in the boat to prevent him from getting away with it, and the men were in surly humor and drank deeply, when the tramp printer created a fortunate diversion by sailing around the point with our boat. He saw at once what had happened, and began blackguarding the Professor roundly and drinking furiously. Then he seized him and carried him to our sailboat and pushed him off, saying: "I'll take his ribs out here off the point and throw him in," but once he got clear of the island he put on all sail and bore poor Jones to the boat channel, where he left him to be picked up by the steamer then in sight. This

was the Professor's narrative in as few words as possible.

"Well, what are they going to do, those fellows?" I exclaimed.

"When I get to —," said the Professor, "I am going to get a big boat and a lot of armed men and go back there, and we'll bag them all but the printer and his two men. They robbed that hotel, and they robbed the farm-houses and barnyards near where the boat lay that night. We can convict them all of robbery, or if any get off on that charge I can convict them of assault."

We got the big boat, also the armed men, but when we arrived at Hobo Island there was not a man there. They had gone in a body. The two sailing-boats were gone too, of course. For a week nothing was heard of the tramps, and then the big sail-boat (the one the Professor had used in his enterprise) was found on a deserted beach near a little town on the north shore. People said nothing for some days, but in the end they talked and wondered, and a man who knew the boat went up, identified her and brought her down.

Three weeks later I was in the warehouse in Toronto, making ready to go out on a special trip, when word came to me that a man was in the office and wanted to see me. In I went, and to my amazement there sat Sir Myles Deep. He had seen me on the street and had followed me in, and, knowing my name, asked for me. He said that he had left our boat and guns with a responsible man at Parry Sound. I asked him how I was to know that he was telling the truth, and what should restrain me from calling a policeman.

"Well, as for the truth of what I tell you," he replied with a smile, "you can easily verify it by wiring to Parry Sound, but really I should think a gentleman's word should be enough."

"A titled English gentleman's word," I said, looking at him, "is quite good enough for me. It only remains for me to get Hemphill's boat back."

The tramp printer declared that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of the other tramps who had gone off in the big boat whilst he and the two other "comps" had gone by themselves in Hemphill's. "We're working our way gradually to Buffalo," he said, "and now that we've got that boat off our hands we can make faster time."

"Haven't you better call on Professor Jones?"

"There's a fine man—a monstrous fine man, and a socialist, a social reformer. No, I think I shan't call on him. Perhaps he would rather let me."

So I gave Sir Myles a quarter and let him go.

THE END.

On the Yacht.

THE yacht is the home of white-duck trousers and the blue cap with the stiff peak. It is also the home of the white-duck skirt. It is needless to say many of these articles have never been nearer home than the ferry-boat to Hanlan's Point. A yacht is also the place where Your Yachtsman professes to be in his element. He likes sleeping with his head jammed up against a bulkhead and his feet in a locker. Your Yachtsman believes there should be a place for everything and that everything should be in it. This place is the locker. A yacht generally has on the average four thousand and fifty-six lockers. So when you are looking for anything and are told it is in the locker, you know where to look for it. Probably you have accidentally got a splinter in your toe while in swimming that morning. You haven't had time to attend to it so far, but now that there is a nice breeze and everything is ship-shape and quiet you crawl up forward and take off your boot and sock in the shade of the stays. Probably it takes five seconds to locate the splinter; probably it takes another twenty to pry it out with the point of a pin; maybe it takes less, or you find no silver there at all. At any rate, when you come to look for your sock, it is gone.

"Where's my sock?" you shout.

"What sock?" asks Your Yachtsman from his cushion in the cockpit.

"My sock—that I laid here half a minute ago."

"You'll find it down in one of the port lockers," says Your Yachtsman, glancing from the compass to the topsail.

The beggar had actually crawled out of the cockpit and gone the whole length

of the ship to arrest an unoffending sock that had never done anything to him, just to satisfy his mania for having one place for everything and everything in it.

When you go down to the cabin to look for your sock you may perhaps happen to see that your shore-going trousers are lying on the floor in a crumpled heap, together with somebody's white shirt, a pair of old boots, a cork-screw, and sundries of various kinds. The explanation is simple. Somebody has been looking for something in a locker. You open the nearest one. It is full of collars, and clothes, and things. Pull them out and throw them on the floor. Put some of them in a bunk or up forward of the bulkhead, or somewhere. Then put your trousers in the locker and shut it up. If you are anxious to find your sock, open other lockers and give the things a stir and a good jumble around generally. It won't help you to find what you want, but it is satisfying, and anyway it's the customary etiquette on board a yacht. When you are ready to go on deck put on somebody else's sock and look as much like the new City Hall as possible.

The lake is smooth and sheeny as plate-glass. The yacht rolls slightly in the transparent swell. Her boom swings to and fro over the deck. The slight roll of the hull is exaggerated by the time it affects the top-mast and the top-sail fills and backs alternately like the wafting of a fan. Astera is the city with the smoke of ten thousand chimneys hanging low over the roofs and steeples. The gaunt Brock street elevator, which has formed the landmark for many a bowsprit pointing at it from far out in the lake, against the murky background looks miles farther away than it is. Between and a little to the south lies the Island, low in the water and baking in the sun. Occasionally some a roar from the big white grand stand as Freeman knocks the ball over the fence or Casey nips a grounder. On the sand bar you can see the crowd bathing at Turner's and faintly hear the shouts and splashes. A big yawl-rigged yacht is being towed out the western gap by part of her crew on the cribwork. A Mackinaw is lying with limp sails half a mile to port. Away lakeward, hull down, lies a stone hooker, with its dirty sails motionless, apparently, as the Mackinaw. The long streak of smoke hanging over the pale horizon shows where the Grimby steamer dropped out of sight away to the south-west. The whole lake is becalmed.

The man in the dirty ducks, who has been lying on his back up forward, rises on one elbow. He looks hard at nothing for half a minute. Then:

"Let's go in for a swim," he says.

The horizon has turned a dark blue. The murky line where the sky comes down to the water has grown sharp and distinct. The sails of the hooker are now white as snow and glistening in the sun. A couple of miles to the south-east a yacht, with full sail set and drawing, creeps from behind the Island. The blue line at the horizon has spread into a big far-reaching sheet that has now encircled the Mackinaw. Her two sails fill; she leans over and darts forward. From her deck comes the faint cry, "Look out, boys, here she comes." Astern there is a creaking of blocks, and the big club-top-sail of the yacht that was towing out the gap comes down. They have taken in their tow-line and the crew are all aboard. The blue sheet is creeping inward, and the whole lake is turning from its pale, transparent sheen into a dark blue, cold and opaque.

"Hurrah, boys," says the man at the stick, "here comes the breeze."

The top-sail fills, then luffs, then fills again. Then the jib-top feels it.

"Lay her off a bit," says the youth of the dirty ducks, who is now wiping his head with a sweater.

"She'll do," says the man at the stick. "The breeze is from the south-east. Haul down your jib a bit, and be as quiet as you can, you fellows. When you shake the yacht like that you spill wind every time!"

The mainsail has pulled the block of the sheet out to the end of the traveler and the yacht leans and gathers way. The ripple is now slapping up against the windward side, and distant sounds no longer travel over the water.

"Watch us pass that Mackinaw," says the man at the stick.

"Who hoisted the jib?" asks the man in the ducks.



PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK.

"I did," says the man at the stick. "Well, don't you know better after all these years than to hoist a jib upside down?"

"Don't say a word, boys," says the man at the stick, "and we'll make Oakville for tea."

So nobody says a word. S. H.

Some Notes on Bismarck.

Anecdotal Reminiscences.

BISMARCK became known as the Iron Chancellor through a sentence used by him in one of his speeches: "The unity of Germany can only be effected by blood and iron." At the age of 23 Bismarck served one year in the Jaeger or Sharpshooter Battalion of the Guards, and a more strapping soldier never joined a Prussian regiment. In 1841 he was made second lieutenant in the Landwehr (militia) Infantry, being a year later transferred to the Landwehr Cavalry. It was during this period that he earned the Prussian Humane Society's medal for saving a fellow-soldier from drowning—and he has always worn this decoration with undiminished pride.

That Prince Bismarck thoroughly delighted in soldiering is indisputable, for we find him, after he had become Chancellor of the German Empire, writing as follows to his royal master, William "the Great": "I have always regretted that my parents never allowed me to testify my attachment to the royal house, and my enthusiasm for the greatness and glory of the Fatherland, in the front rank of a regiment rather than behind a writing-desk. And even now, after being raised by Your Majesty to the highest honors of a statesman, I cannot altogether suppress a feeling of regret at not having been similarly able to carve out a career for myself as a soldier. . . . Perhaps I should have become a useless general, but, if I had been free to follow the bent of my own inclination, I would rather have won battles for Your Majesty than diplomatic campaigns." All of which seems to add force to the saying that "Bismarck was a soldier by nature and a statesman by chance."

As a youth Bismarck was something of a fire-eater, and one of his duels had an amusing origin. It occurred when he was chief secretary of the Prussian Legation at Frankfurt.

Being very popular he went much into society, and one Christmas attended a big ball. During the height of the festivities Bismarck's, and indeed, everybody's, attention was directed to an exceedingly pompous individual, who strutted about the room. This was a M. de Clancy, a Frenchman, and a noted duellist. Later on this important individual took part in a dance, but, having omitted to leave his

hat at the proper place, had perforce to hold it out almost at arm's length while he danced. The spectacle tickled Bismarck immensely, and as the Frenchman came sailing majestically along Bismarck stepped forward and dropped a coin into the hat! Of course, a duel was one of the next day's events. Though it was with pistols, however, Bismarck's lucky star never deserted him; he escaped unhurt, while his adversary was wounded.

Of the many anecdotes which he enjoyed telling, there was one his particular favorite—how he enjoyed a cigar that he did not smoke. "The value of a good cigar," he said, "is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Konigsplatz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hours when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay—I had my cherished cigar! I forthwith lighted it and placed it between his eagerly-parted lips. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

An amusing anecdote is told of Bismarck and his physician, Doctor Schweininger. Doctor Schweininger recognized at once the strong temperament with which he had to deal, and resolved to assume the whip-hand at the very outset. Three days after his advent the Chancellor fell ill, and the doctor forbade his eating a certain dish of which he was very fond. Bismarck rebelled, and ordered the dish; he was just in the act of eating it, when Doctor Schweininger came into the room. The doctor looked at the Chancellor, took the dish forcibly from his hands, and, without saying a word, quietly threw its contents out of the window. Bismarck found he had met his match, and was ever afterwards the most docile of patients.

The doctor found it necessary to ask many questions, and Bismarck resented questions very much. He cried impatiently, "What on earth are you driving at?" The doctor was quite as blunt as he. "I am at your orders, prince; but if you wish to be treated without being questioned, you had better send for the veterinary surgeon, who is accustomed to physic in that way." The prince has had many doctors in his time, but none ever succeeded in unmasking the Iron Chancellor so well as Dr. Schweininger. Indeed, the prince once said: "The difference between him and my former doctors lies in that—that I treated them, while he treats me."

Canada and Imperial Postage.

THE first step towards Imperial Penny Postage has been taken, the first step that, in this case, defies the proverb, for it cheapens instead of costs (says the *Illustrated London News* in publishing a fine portrait of Hon. William Mulock). The day of complete Imperial Penny Postage is sure to come. No King Canute of officialism can stay that tide of human fellowship and of commercial progress. All the same, to the pioneer belongs great credit; and to Canada, therefore, among all our colonies and dominions, that credit must now be given. In so saying, we deny nothing to Mr. Henniker-Heaton as the most vigilant of Parliamentary reformers. He has labored for all colonies alike, but most of all, perhaps, for the very colonies that are now still lagging behind. The colonies, therefore, that have adopted the Penny International Post have their own public spirit to thank. You may take the horse to the water, but not Mr. Henniker-Heaton can make him drink. The Cape and Natal have made the new venture; but Canada has led even among these leaders. It decided to carry letters to England for a penny some months ago. Then the Home Government, urged into prompt action, asked for a little delay and arranged for the conference which has resulted in the reciprocal penny post to and from England and the colonies already named.

The penny-halfpenny saved by writers of letters is a panny-halfpenny gained.

Even that is a matter of moment to a multitude of correspondents. But the gain does not end there. This cheaper rate of intercommunication between the Mother Land and her possessions is a fosterer, as well as an outcome of the Imperialism which all approve. It brings men closer to each other, and it is a healer of the pangs of exile. As such, quite apart from its commercial import, it is a legitimate subject of pride to all those who have brought it about. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government have done much to make England and Canada realize their kinship. The end of its first year of office saw the adoption of a preferential tariff for Great Britain, and a year later the project of an Imperial Penny Post had its birth.

The Canadian Postmaster-General, Hon. William Mulock, Q.C., whose name and administration will always be associated with this reform, has given himself to its promotion with characteristic energy. . . . In talking of the triumph now won, not only as to the penny letter-post, but as to the reduction of the rates of parcels-postage between England and the colonies, Mr. Mulock is anxious that the Duke of Norfolk, his brother official in the Home Government, shall have his fair share of the credit due to the results of the Postal Conference. "The Duke," says Mr. Mulock, "was our chairman, and most constant in his attendance. He took a large view of the question, recognized the diversity of views, and evidently felt the responsibility of his position." Whatever good opinion the representative of Canada may entertain towards the Postmaster-General here at home is fully returned, we may safely say, by the Duke of Norfolk for the able representative sent to the Postal Conference by the Government of the Dominion.

Note.—It is rumored that the postage on letters to any part of Canada or the United States will be reduced to two cents on November 9, simultaneously with the introduction of Imperial penny postage.

More of Fitz-James O'Brien.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood relates in the *New York Times* some amusing sayings of Fitz-James O'Brien. On visiting a very patriotic lady on New Year's Day, after the war was declared, he said: "She had flags on the mantel and cold roast eagle on the sideboard." When asked if he partook of the latter, he said no, as "an Irishman he was drawn by a patriotic instinct to the potato salad," and demanded Scotch whisky to show cosmopolitan breadth. Lest he should become too bellicose, he "felt even afraid to handle a drum-stick." Asked if women had inspired men to drink as well as to heroic action, he said: "Yes! Often when one is Mummy and the other extra dry." And speaking of the heroic intoxication that has sent so many men to war, he said it is what "makes the puppies fight well, and then we feel such a delicious egotism. Why, when I am marching down Broadway, I do not know whether I am a part of the universe, or whether the universe is a part of me."

Met Her Soon.

Mr. Greville was persuaded when he was over sixty years of age to attend a spiritualistic seance, says the *London Graphic*. Foster, the presiding medium, was in great form, and the revelations were astounding. Greville sat silent, and his aged, wizened face was as emotionless as a mask. Suddenly the medium grew excited and said to the old gentleman: "A female form is bending over you. Oh, the extraordinary likeness!" Greville sighed. "She lifts her hands to bless you." Greville sighed again. "It is your mother." "Ah, poor thing!" said Greville. "I am glad." "She smiles. She says all is well with her." Greville sighed again and said, "I am delighted." "She says she will see you soon. You are old, and you must meet her before long." Then Greville quietly observed: "That's very true. I'm going to take tea with her this evening." Tableau.

He Was "Very Proper."

Boston Herald.

Some of these volunteers are rather fresh when it comes to military etiquette. They are telling of a young lieutenant down in Tampa, who was sitting by the door of General Wade's headquarters, talking to some officers of the regular army, when General Wade and his staff entered. The regular officers arose and saluted the General, but the volunteer lieutenant sat still.

"That is General Wade, Commander-in-Chief," said one of the regulars. "Why don't you salute him?"

"Oh, I've only been here a few days," replied the volunteer, "and have not been introduced."

A Queer Offer.

An eccentric Lincolnshire gentleman (says a London paper) has offered a wager of one thousand "yellow boys" to a farmer of Weston Hills, near Spalding, on condition that he confines himself to his bedroom for seven years. The farmer has accepted and started. We believe that whenever the Oxford Union got more than usually stumped for a debate they invariably trotted out the question, "If a man says he's a liar, and is telling the truth, is he a liar or not?" How would a discussion of the above case do as an alternative, with the query, "Which is the bigger fool?"

Infinite Space.

The young man who writes verses was standing out in the night gazing at the sky, when a friend encountered him: "Halloa, what are you doing? Studying astronomy?"

"Go away and don't disturb me. I am gazing into infinite distance."

"I don't see what satisfaction you find in that."

"That's simply because you have never had any experience with editors, my friend. You don't know what a comfort it is to find some place where nothing is crowded out for want of space."



In the Sick Bay.

Fleet Surgeon—There doesn't seem much wrong with you, my man. What's the matter?

A. B.—Well, sir, it's like this, sir. I eats well, an' I drinks well, an' I sleeps well; but when I sees a job of work—there, I'm all of a tremble!—Punch.

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Passengers leaving Toronto at 4:45 p.m. by
steamer Corona can make connection with
steamer Chicora at Niagara-on-the-Lake and
return to Toronto. JOHN T. TAY, Manager.

Anecdotal.

Here is a recommendation which a Berk-
shire County, Mass., farmer gave an in-
competent man who had worked for him:
"This man, ———, has worked for
me a day and I am satisfied."

A Kalamazoo crockery dealer was just
closing up his store for the day when one of
his customers, a grocer, came in in a great
hurry. "Here," said he, "I packed this
jar full of butter and the jar split from
top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain
the phenomenon." "Oh, yes, I can," was
the ready reply; "the butter was stronger
than the jar."

While some Swiss militiamen were rest-
ing from their drill, one of the men
stepped from the ranks to light his cigar
from that of the officer. The latter took
this evidence of the "spirit of freedom"
in good part, but said: "In the Prussian
army you could not have done this, John."
"Right you are," was the prompt reply;
"but in the Prussian army you could not
be an officer."

When the attack was made on Sidon,
during the war with Syria, it became
necessary for the British troops to ad-
vance across a long, unprotected bridge,
in the face of a battery of six guns, which
completely commanded the approach. The
men were unwilling to expose themselves
to certain death, when Arthur Cumming,
carefully dressed in full uniform, stepped
forward to the middle of the bridge. It
was immediately swept by the fire of the
battery. When the smoke had rolled
away, there stood Cumming intact, care-
fully brushing the dust from his boots,
after which he stood erect, fixed a single
glass in his eye, and looked back at the
men. This was too much, and they cap-
tured that bridge and battery with a
whoop.

One of the great practical jokers of the
British navy was one Jack Hathorn. He

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about the store—seeing the books
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"The Bookshop" has the largest
number of books, and that the
selections have been carefully
pondered over.

Perhaps you may find some good
book which you thought out of
print.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
No. 8 King Street West.

was officer of the watch in the day, when
it was customary for the guard to present
arms to the officer commanding the vessel
whenever he left or boarded the ship.
One day Captain Burdett remarked, as
they were going through this ceremony
before he went ashore: "Mr. Hathorn, I
am tired of this guard; don't call it again
when I come back." Hathorn did not,
but he managed to surprise the captain
quite as thoroughly as if he had. When
that dignitary came over the side on his
return, he found twenty of the afterguard
down on their hands and knees with
swabs serving them for manes and tails,
with the mizzen-top-men on their backs
with cutlasses drawn. The captain
was distinctly not delighted with the
spectacle, whereupon Hathorn explained
that he supposed that after the old
fashion had proved so tiresome a recep-
tion by cavalry might prove welcome.
Hathorn was dismissed the service for
this bit of pleasantry.

A Little Holiday.

Our Boys and Our Girls.

I have never seemed to me worth
while going out of town for Sunday.
Men go careering off to their families
or away from them from Saturday to
Monday, and say it's a great thing to
get such a holiday, and men some-
times tell wise and true things of this
sort. Therefore, last week the Child and
I, being over-tired and over-tempted, set
forth on our Saturday-to-Monday outing.
First of all the Child and next the bicycle
were on my mind, and we had a great
time getting one safely seated and the
other safely checked. There was a demur
about taking the wheel. "No cycling
around Big Bay Point," said one. "Too
hot to go, if there were," said another.
But I don't like to go without my other
half, and so I paid my twenty cents for its
transportation to our railway destination,
and hoped for two dimes' worth of fun.
Everyone knows Barrie, which is saved
from being a very ordinary small town by
its situation on the lovely bay, whose
waters lave its suburbs, and probably nine
out of ten of you know the beauty of the
forty-minute sail to Big Bay Point, where
we had determined to spend our Sunday.
The Child perched herself on the roof of
the wheel-house and made ejaculatory re-
marks in several languages as we enjoyed
nature. She was lovely; in fact, both of
them were. Nature and the Child, and I
had one eye on the shore looking for a
probable route by wheel, and the other on
the Child to catch her if she tipped off her
perch. Big Bay Point is a vantage ground
for every stray breeze that blows. Around
three sides of it gleam the crystal waters
of Lake Simcoe, and I felt a bit ashamed
that I had never appreciated this lovely
sheet of water before as it deserved. The
most I knew about it, until last Saturday,
was that it had a way of ruffling up on
very short notice and scaring the wits out
of nervous persons who were caught
aloft unawares, of whom I am chief. The
innocent mirror-like placidity of it, how-
ever, made me ashamed of my credulity
and ignorance, and after I had looked at
it bathed in a flood of silver moonlight, I
renounced it for ever my misguided
notions of theretofore and begged
humane pardon of each water-god and
kelpie who inhabits its rocky led
or lurks about its elder-fringed banks,
and let the Child go rowing and swim-
ming and paddling as she listed, for if her
fate was to be drowned she couldn't be
drowned in cleaner water. A lot of pleas-
ant people, all in love with the place, and
very comfortable quarters, with weather
for the gods, combined to make us happy;
the only thing I missed was the coveted
bicycle ride, which was, however, to be
enjoyed in an unexpected manner. Per-
haps nobody but an enthusiastic cyclist
would harbor the idea of riding down to
Barrie when a steamer was waiting to
carry one across the bay, but that is just
the idea which seemed to me most de-
lightful, and there being happily a good-
natured person who thought likewise, we
started in good time to get there first. It
is just here that the real holiday be-
gins, for, be it confessed, when one
has once holidayed on the wheel, no
other mode of progress comes up to
the mark, not even a coach and four.
What a curious little by-path; what a nar-
row shave between a bank and a dusty rut;
what a wild and smashing run down hill
and a sober climb up; what a dodging in
and out over the scrubby grass, as slippery
and as still as wire, with here and there
a bending low under dusky pine branches
or a skirmish after an aristocratic white
chicken, or a blessing upon a hulking farm
wagon that held the road, regardless of
laws and cyclists, and a foray into a queer
cozy old farm-house for a drink, and a
feeling that one's face is scarlet and
one's throat a burning fiery furnace.
Everyone who loves a country ride knows
how we rode the dozen miles or more from
Big Bay Point to Barrie, and how we
laughed like school children at the sudden
sprawls through a dusty place, and in-
voluntary collisions when the wheel grew
fractious among the builders, for it was
a silly bit of a 38 wheel which had fancied
heretofore that the world was paved with
asphalt. It found out a few things last
Monday, however, that will do it good.
For my part I have added another to my
list of the rides one may enjoy, and the
ride from the wave-washed point to the
water-kissed town is not at the wrong
end of the list either.

A woman writes asking me to discuss
the question of women's interference with
the chances of our young men to obtain
situations. She says she has five sons,
each of whom has a fine education and
good business training, but owing to the
low rate of salary paid now, three of them
only make enough to pay very low board
and clothe themselves decently. This is a
consequence of the influx of women into
the ranks of cashiers, bookkeepers and
confidential clerks, says my correspondent,
and she adds that many of these young
women have good comfortable homes
and would be provided for by their

parents in moderation, but that they
need money for dress and display, and
take situations to get it, thus doing in-
justice to the young fellows who ought to
have the chances snapped up by the
young girls. It's a pity about those boys!
But just for the fun of getting at the
other side of the question, I had a chat
with a machinist in Toronto who has a
house full of daughters, and he thus ex-
pressed himself: "I have tried to give
my girls a chance. They each have a
good education and three of them are
laying by money in their situations. The
eldest is forewoman in dressmaking and
gets a thousand dollars a year. They tell
me she'd get more in the States. The
second is Mr. ———'s clerk and only gets
six a week, but she pays us three for her
board, and manages to save a little too.
The third is bookkeeper in a
provision store, and she has bought a
wheel for herself, and lent her
sister money to pay for hers, to save car-
fare. The sister puts the car-fare in a
savings bank every fine day, and I guess
she'll get the wheel paid for by Christmas.
This was a bargain. Now, you see girls
have no holes in their pockets; they don't
smoke, nor drink, nor bet, nor spend their
evenings in a pool-room or in bad company,
and they help each other along. I have
three more coming along; one says she
likes keeping house, so she stays home
and looks after things with the mother.
The smallest one is the smartest of the
lot: I guess she'll make a teacher in time.
Boys? No, sir, give me girls now-
days. Time was when a man's heart
would be broken to have a family of six
girls, but it works different to-day. If I
was taken to-morrow my girls could keep
themselves and their mother." I think
there is a good deal in this.

LADY GAY.

Number One.

Pick-Me-Up.

Come swagger my lads and kiel,
Let the dull world know you're living.
Most of 'em are the trick
And her gifts aren't worth the giving.
Shout my boys and sing.
That all the world may know ye,
A call good fortune may bring.
And fortune the world doth owe ye.
For I'll stand and I'll fight
For my own good cause,
And I'll swear that it's right.
Gaiest a nation's laws,
Who asked for my birth.
Who's the sorrow and sin,
If there's fortune on earth.
I'm going to win.
Who's the best in the world, my boys,
Which friend is the most deserving.
Whose is the love that never dyes,
Whose memory's worth preserving—
It's true old Number One.
Who never will forget ye,
The best man under the sun,
Though he doth sometimes fret ye.
But I'll stand and I'll fight
For my own right hand,
Though it seatters a blight
Through the whole wide land.
Who cares if I die
Ere the daylight is done
I can only say
I'm old Number One.
So stand ye fast,
To win fortune at last.
And battle for Number One.

Nervous Prostration

Is a deplorable condition of body, to which
the mind to some degree responds; the
sufferer becomes a victim to a legion of
disagreeable sensations, arising from the
impairment or exhaustion of nerve or
vital force. Sleeplessness, too, comes to
rob the sufferer of nature's sweetest solace
and restorer, and a disordered digestive
function contributes its quota to the al-
ready full cup of misery. Cure is possible
in one way only—the nervous system must
be strengthened; the digestive and assim-
ilative function must be restored.
Maltine with Coca Wine, more than any
preparation known to science, combines
the two essentials required in these cases.
Maltine with Coca Wine possesses tonic
properties that are directed in a very
special way to the nerve centers, giving
them tone, vigor, and the staying power
so much needed, while just as efficaciously
does it aid and strengthen all the processes
of digestion. Thus we have the produc-
tion of all the elements of adequate nu-
trition, which, inevitably, is certain to
give health, strength and vigor. Maltine
with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

Once, while making a speech, he re-
ferred to Queen Anne, and was greeted
with cries of "Did you know her?"
"What was she like?" "Yes, sir," re-
torted the doctor, "I did know her. The
scholar is contemporary with all time."



Rev. Mr. Haircomber—I must really try something for my hair. I'm getting
rather bald!
Captain Jinks—Dear me! I would not have noticed it if you hadn't told me!
—Punch.

A Man and a Maid.

San Francisco Town Talk.

SCENE I.: At the Presidio hop, where
the handsomest civilian, Bob Davis, and
the prettiest girl, Pet Landon, are
sitting out their second dance.

Bob—I think you might, when I am
going away to-morrow and for at least six
months there will be miles and miles be-
tween us.

Pet—I couldn't really, Mr. Davis—
Bob—You might, you know, when a
fellow is going east. Why, it's an awfully
little favor and one which lots and lots of
girls—

Pet—I know very well what you mean
and that is why my photograph shall
never be given to any man in the world.
Lots and lots of girls! That is the way—
and then you count them up, I suppose,
and say, "Where did I meet her?" or
"Who in the name of goodness is this
one?" I know the way; I have a brother,
you see.

Bob—I assure you, Miss Landon, it
won't be like that with me. I should
treasure it above my life.

Pet—No doubt that is what my brother
said—but the pictures are up in the attic
and he doesn't know who is who when
one asks him.

Bob—Don't be so cynical, and please
grant this little favor. Why, don't you
know, Pet—Miss Landon—

Pet—I don't know anything except that
here comes Captain Blank for his two-
step. By the way, I haven't any photo-
graphs, anyhow; haven't had any taken
since I graduated.

Personal item in daily paper:
Mr. Robert Davis is in New York and is
not expected to return to San Francisco
for some years.

Pet Landon to her dearest girl friend:
I was awfully mean to Bob that night—
and I never loved him better, either. I
cried all the next day and hoped he'd
come and call, but he didn't—only an im-
mense cloud of violets came with his card
and an excuse.

Some months later, Miss Landon, de-
tailed for Red Cross work at the ferry,
saw a face she knows among a crowd of
returned travelers.

Pet—Oh, Mr. Davis, is it you? I am so
glad.

Bob—Are you, really? I am going to
enlist immediately, you know. Couldn't
get into the New York regiment, but I
ought to have no difficulty here.

Pet—You won't go right off to war, will
you? Why, mamma and brother—every
one of us—will want to see you and talk
to you and—

Bob—I'm awfully sorry, but I'll have no
time for any social duties. Beg pardon, I
must hurry and catch that car.

Pet—Which one? Oh, must you go?
And shan't I see you again?

Bob—I'm afraid not. By the way, I got
one of your pictures, after all.

Pet—Did brother send you one?
Bob—Not at all. I bought it—and might
have had dozens, at ten cents a copy. Did
you ever think it very curious that a girl
should refuse her portrait to a man who
worshipped the very ground she walked
on, and then grant the favor to a news-
paper, and let her face stare at one from
every newspaper? Why, in Sacramento,
where I stood off for a day, I saw "Miss
Landon" no less than twenty times multi-
plied.

Pet—It wasn't my fault. You see I
belong to the society and the ladies named
mamma give them my picture to go with
the others. I had just had some sweet
ones taken because—

Bob—Because why?

Pet—Well, there was a person who
bugged me very hard to give him one, and
I was dreadfully cross and mean and
horrid, and he went away without saying
good-bye.

Bob—Did you care?

Pet—You'll have to hurry if you wish to
catch that car.

Bob—But did you care? Wait, let me
show you.

Pet—In your watch! It doesn't look
bad there, does it?

Bob—I cut it out of the paper and when
I pasted it in the case I never expected to
see the original again.

Pet—And now—

Paragraph in a daily paper—Before
the departure of the Eighth for Manila
the wedding will be celebrated by Miss
Margaret Patricia Landon and Lieutenant
Robert Davis. The groom received his

appointment this week and his marriage
with one of the most prominent of the
society girls who have given themselves
up to the Red Cross work seems a par-
ticularly fitting union.

Experience Comes Handy.

Pick-Me-Up.

Oh! Yankee Doodle's gone to war
To buy a little knowledge,
Although fair Cuba's not by far
The most expensive college.
Yankee Doodle dandee oh!
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
It's well for you, that all your new
Experience comes handy.

Fair Bather in a Mask.

New York World.

Manhattan Beach had a sensation all
its own yesterday. The sun was at its
highest when a fair bather emerged from
the Manhattan pavilion and started for the
surf. While the dainty Parisian silk
bathing costume she wore emphasized
every outline of her splendid figure, it was
a tiny mask which concealed her features
from the vulgar gaze that attracted most
attention. The bathers were more than
surprised at the notion of a beautiful
woman in the surf en masque, and soon
the word was carried to the police in
charge at the beach. The official asked
the fair bather the reason for wearing the
blue silken face-covering that permitted
only the sight of a pink chin and two
flashing eyes. The young woman, who
was unaccompanied, became indignant at
what she called the officer's presumption
and ignorance, and informed him that the
mask was to prevent the tanning of a
delicate complexion. The policeman re-
tired abashed.

The Scholar.

Dr. Evans, a witty member of the par-
liament at Melbourne, was an old man,
and the other members jokingly spoke of
him as belonging to the era of Queen
Anne.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, in-
cluding several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

BEATRICE, No. 2.—Your letter just received.
Will answer it next week.

NELL.—Gilbert Parker, Seats of the Mighty,
Surrey, England; Drummond, The Habitant,
Montreal; Archibald Lampman, poems; Strin-
ger Jarvis, various novels and psychic essays,
New York.

LARRY R.—Maybe I've done you. In case I
haven't, your writing shows refined feel-
ing, ambition and rather a buoyant tempera-
ment, bright perception, good sequence of ideas and
a truthful but somewhat reserved nature.

YVESILDO.—Amiability, regard for appear-
ances, sympathy, and cheerfulness, care for de-
tails, discretion, sequence of ideas, practical
nature and considerable tact and good nature.
The study is that of a very worthy, estimable
and pleasant person.

JOHN.—Any work exacting a quiet, even and
careful temper would suit you, and I am sure
whatever you take in hand will be well done.
You are kind and sympathetic, tactful and
patient, hopeful and persevering, practical
rather than romantic. You would be the better
of a little quicker perception and more snap.

I. C. B.—A very warm and impulsive nature,
full of brightness, ambition and magnetic force.
Water can jump at conclusions with surpris-
ing accuracy, is firm and constant in purpose,
decided in action and apt to be over anxious for
results. On the whole, I would accord her
marked individuality, considerable talent and
excellent sense.

INEX.—I don't consider it a crime, my dear;
I used to do a good deal of it myself. It depends
a good deal on the sort of boy. You seem a
decent and honest little body, and I am
inclined to think you know how to take care of
yourself. You are bright and clever, hopeful
and independent, and I am sure you will get
on. You have not yet settled down. Wait for
further development.

LEONORE.—I. Write again, certainly, and
use the same non de plume. If I can help or
advise you in any way will be very glad to do
so. 2. Your writing is strong and decided, but
not finished. The impulse is forceful, but some-
what erratic. You are a bit of an idealist, reason-
ably discreet, and rather level-headed in
ordinary matters. I do not think you jealous,
but I do think you are warm and perhaps
exact in the matter of affection.

CHICK-A-DEE-DEE.—You have quite gone
to the deuce. It is a pretty study, full of dainty
thought and nice notions. You are apt to be a
humbug, and sincerely isn't one of your strong
points. Frankness is, and a dislike to be criti-
cized or advised. You are conservative, re-
fined, and sometimes quite reserved, always
averse to demonstrative feelings. Neat and
dainty in your methods and a bit self-willed.
It is at once an interesting and piquant per-
sonality.

SUNBEAM.—This lady does not waste her
efforts, being content with a rather uninterest-
ing career and ordinary occupations. There
is very little imagination, no play of fancy, and
a dislike to emotional or demonstrative affec-
tion. The character is sterling, upright, sen-
sible and matter-of-fact, and the mind delib-
erate, logical and just. She is markedly care-
ful, discreet and solicitous of appearances.

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proud of either family or position, lacks dainti-
ness, and considering her youth is well de-
veloped.
BEATRICE.—I. My own case exactly, only I
look to a specific course of study. You have
been given a chance to start a very fascinating
study—that of yourself, your own spiritual
growth and progress. It is really the best
worth your while. 2. Your writing shows
sympathy, enterprise and talent. You are a
bit of a pessimist, you see quickly and correctly,
and have a dash, commanding way about
you. Discretion, honor and independence are
shown. I am sorry I forget all about you, or
rather never heard of you, for you are surely a
charming girl to know and hear of. I know a
good deal about your present home, anyway.

FRANCE PLAUSIBLE.—If you feel that confes-
sion would ease your mind and not spoil your
chances, by all means confess! For my own
part I think confessions are only exaggerated
egotism. Your midlings are your own affair.
"Let the dead past lie," is a good motto, my
son. 2. Your writing shows ambition, impulse,
excessive care for appearances, and altogether
a live, frank and manly nature. You may be
too easily cast down. As to a promise not to
ever attend races again, I think it was possi-
bly more honored in the breach than in the
observance. You are a queer fish to bother
yourself and me about it after years have
passed.

Best Tea in the World



Studio and Gallery

A MEMBER of a board of education in a Western State has written to John La Farge for his opinion regarding the twelve greatest paintings produced up to the time of Murillo, 1682. He also wishes to know what twelve paintings Mr. La Farge considers the greatest since that time. It seems a number of students out west have spent much time and research in finding all the representations of the Madonna possible. Mr. La Farge, in his excellent and scholarly letter, written in reply in August *Scribner's*, gives many reasons why such an arbitrary classification is well nigh impossible, but points out, reasonably, what benefit may be derived from such a course of study. And truly the work of comparison which necessitates so much gathering of material on the works of the masters in painting, would be in itself most beneficial. It seems strange that with all the art-life here in Toronto, and with all the pursuit of literature and art, there should be no club or gathering of any kind giving its time and energies to this most delightful study of painting, historically considered. A few efforts have been made, it is true, by different organizations to stimulate interest in the study of art. The Woman's Art Association has made a very praiseworthy effort in this direction, by arranging a course of lectures on Art, for some seasons. Some colleges have followed in these worthy footsteps, both here and elsewhere. The Rosedale League of School Art also conducted last season a very creditable course of similar pictures. We hope nothing will prevent the continuation of these next winter, and that those organizations in whose power it lies are even now arranging their intellectual repasts for the winter months. There is material inexhaustible, and many well qualified to give of the good things gathered by patient research to others. The spirit of art is moving in the land. Its influence is visible in many directions. From mural decoration to the improved fence poster we detect its lively inspiration. Enterprising merchants are beginning to feel its stimulus. They value it immensely, not so much, perhaps, because of its own merits as because of the increased value given to any goods which they feel can

with some measure of sincerity have the prefix *art* attached to them. Thereby it is demonstrated that those whose fingers are forever on the public pulse are conscious of a new beat indicative of greater vitality in art matters. In nothing is this spirit more hopefully manifest than in the effort to bring under more aesthetic influences the rising generation in the public schools. May the shadow of this organization never grow less! On the contrary we wish it to assume such proportions that it shall cover the whole educational system in our land. Next to a revival of religion in a land, a revival in art is most desirable.

Then look at the increasing growth in beauty and general excellence of the art of illustration. We relegated "pictures" to the children, in bygone days; now we, older children, have gone back to our second childhood and are ill-content unless we have pictures accompanying our reading matter. And not any kind of crude representation will answer. It must be of the very best technically. It really is astonishing how fast public taste has developed in this direction, and what critics have been created by this increase in illustration. The paper or magazine must take almost a second place to-day if it show little art in its get-up.

Nevertheless, with all these hopeful signs we hope for more. What we wish to see is an art club composed of all serious students of art, of whatever art, creed or practice, masculine or feminine persuasion, combined for the serious scholarly study of the history and development of art since the days when the first article of decoration was conceived in the Garden of Eden until the end of the nineteenth century. There is only one drawback to the bringing of this about, and that is the want of united action on the part of the artists themselves. A capable leader (or leaders) could work wonders in arranging such a school.

Probably the most ambitious scheme in color-painting which has yet been undertaken by any magazine is the reproduction of eight full-page designs by Henry McCarter which will accompany a poem by Mr. E. S. Martin called *The Sea is His*, in the August *Scribner's*. The manner in which the shading of color has been executed is mechanically ingenious and very effective from an artistic point of view. It is considered a novelty in color-printing even for experts. Mr. McCarter has also designed the poster for this number of *Scribner's*.

"The position which any man can take as a craftsman has become a matter of almost as great consideration as the place which is to be assigned to him as a producer of pictures which illustrate important ideas. His skill of hand and knowledge of methods are taken very much into account in estimating the amount of approval which is due to him. The possession of a certain stock-in-trade of happy ideas, or the power to select from the world around him attractive material for his pictures, are not enough to establish him as an artist of note. He must have something more than this, for he must be able to prove himself as efficient in deciding what it is that he wishes to work upon. No concealment of inefficiency under a plausible surface of fanciful suggestion, no covering up of ignorance or slovenly practice by ingenious arrangement of amusing trifles will be tolerated, except by that diminishing section of the public which judges superficially and has not the power to understand anything but the barest and most obvious fact." Such is the *Studio's* method of expressing what all artists feel increasingly, that amongst the various "gifts" required by a successful artist there must be a substantial foundation laid of a thorough training in drawing, and on this foundation a superstructure of constant severe practice in the same. The amateur who wishes to build a reputation without this foundation is building on the sands, and the winds of criticism of a public ever growing more intelligently critical will blow him temple to pieces.

There has been some discussion in some newspapers as to whether the stained-glass window which has been placed in the Church of the Transfiguration in memory of Edwin Booth is a suitable window to be placed in a church. It was made by John La Farge, and the figure is that of a "mediæval histrionic student, seated, contemplating a mask in his lap." The figure has been taken to be Hamlet, but is not so described. It is not an especially pious figure, but it is beautiful, and beautiful in a way that makes it harmonious with religious sentiment. If stained-glass knights in armor find a congenial atmosphere in old cathedrals, Mr. La Farge's contemplative histrionic student will hardly find himself less at home in the Little Church Round the Corner. The dim religious light comes as softly sometimes through the actor as through the saint.

Miss Edith Hemming has returned to the city after a delightful holiday at Smith's Falls, and will resume her classes at once.

Miss Jessie King, a young lady artist of Glasgow, has completed a series of subjects to illustrate *The Light of Asia*. They appear to enter into the Eastern conception of the poem in a wonderful way and have "a human sweetness not often allied with work so abstracted and idealized in character."

The form of the late Mr. Gladstone and the infinite variety of attitudes and expressions, always so full of life and power, are proving a fund of material for several artists. One recently exhibited over a hundred sketches of Mr. Gladstone in as many different aspects. JEAN GRANT.

A Storm is Brewing.
Your old rheumatism tells you so. Better get rid of it and trust to the weather reports. Scott's Emulsion is the best remedy for chronic rheumatism. It often makes a complete cure.



Oh! ma, we're only playing seaside.—Pick-Me-Up.

A Cricket Parody.

"*Leg before.*"
Once upon a noon-tide dreary, while I batted straight and leary
Overs many, a quaint and curious look the stolid umpire wore.
While I batted neatly tapping short ones that demanded slapping.
I continued briskly rapping, rapping till I made a score.
"Change the bowling," then I muttered, while I added to my score.
Only this and nothing more.

Ah! distinctly I remember 'twas the month before September.
And each separate eyeing member praised my play along the floor.
And the eager bowler wore a look that made me keen to score a
Beautiful and hard-hit fourer—fourer as I said before.
When a rare and tricky maiden, such as I have played before,
Checked my fast increasing score.

Presently my play grew stronger, hesitating then no longer.
I determined to let out and rapidly increase my score;
For the fact is I'd been napping, and by far too gently rapping.
Balls that really wanted slapping each and every one for four.
So I smote hard at the next one, but it did not go for four—
Humped and hit me, nothing more.

Keenly at the pitch then peering, down I stooped and patted, fearing
Other balls might bump and hit me, which would much impede my score.
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word then spoken was a whispered "Leg before."
This the bowler whispered, and the fielders echoed "Leg before."
Merely this and nothing more.

Back towards my wicket turning with my swollen face all burning,
Soon I heard continued clapping louder than I'd heard before.
"Surely," said I, "Surely that is like the noise when some great bat is out, and I will ask whereat is this applause; I will explore—
Yes; without a moment's loss will I this mystery explore.
May be fun and nothing more."

Then I heard the umpire stutter "Out" and there was quite a flutter
In the seats among the people, very few of whom forebore
To declare 'twas mean and shady—if the umpire error made, he
Should retract it, every lady said most sensibly before.
I departed. Each spectator said I was not "leg before."
This was said and something more.

Much I marvelled this ungainly umpire should say "Out" so plainly.
Though his ruling was in keeping with the countenance he wore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Who is blessed with power of seeing could have thought me "leg before."
Ball had hit me on the jawbone—How could I be "leg before?"
Hit my jawbone, nothing more.

But the umpire standing lonely, much to my disgust spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—only stood and grinned and spluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered words that others have of yore,
And the umpire by the movement of my lips opined I swore.
Then he added, "Leg before."

And that umpire, port and riling, still stood like an idiot smiling,
And though irritated much, yet his impudence I bore;
Then upon the green grass sinking down I sat and stared and thought
What this grinning, silly, blinking umpire who a white coat wore.
What this fat, ungainly, tricky creature who a white coat wore.
Meant in croaking "Leg before,"
"Umpire," said I, "thing of evil! Umpire! Idiot! Trickster! Devil!
Whether tampering or temper made thee give me 'Leg before,'
Disappointed, yet undaunted, cheated of the score I wanted
On this pitch by twisters haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
Were you—were you bribed to do it? Tell me truly, I implore."
Quoth the umpire: "Leg before."

"Be that word our sign of parting, umpire, friend!" I shrieked, upstarting.
"Get thee back into the tent, and never shalt thou umpire more.
Leave thy white coat as a token of the lie thy lips have spoken;
Go before thy head is broken, and thy limbs are very sore;
Take thy face from out my sight, or thou shalt be very sore."
Quoth the umpire: "Leg before."
And that umpire quickly flitting, now is sitting, always sitting,
For he will not stand again, and that I most distinctly swore;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a creature that is scheming.
But no more hell "Out" be screaming when a man's not "Leg before."
And that voice in wrong decision, voice which gave me "Leg before,"
Shall be lifted never more.

—Anon.

Red Tape in Spain.

AN English journalist has recently given to his paper some account of his experiences with the telegraph-office in Spain. "You approach a little window in the one office in the city, and when your turn comes, hand in your message. The clerk counts the words a couple of times over, adds up the result of each page, refers to the written tariff and finds out what the cost is in francs. Then he takes another slip of paper, finds out what the rate of exchange is at the moment, and reduces the francs to Spanish pesetas.

"Finally he reads out the result—say, 507 pesetas 35 centimos. You engrave these figures in your memory, and leaving the hall, go out to another window in the passage outside, and there await your turn, repeating always the number 507.35, till the clerk asks you what you want. Then you explain that you have come to purchase Spanish stamps for the sum of 507 pesetas and 35 centimos, and you take out a note for 1,000 pesetas. The passage is dark on the brightest day, and you accept the stamps and your change in a spirit of true religious faith, for you see not even darkly as in a glass. When you return to the inner sanctuary and help to make the queue, awaiting your turn again, the chances are that you find yourself short of stamps, in consequence of a mistake on the part of the clerk outside. This happened twice to me, but I am bound to say the man discovered and rectified his error, so that my only loss was of about thirty-five minutes of time."

Still more trying were his difficulties in obtaining a return of the money paid out to the officials for messages which were suppressed. Even in Russia and Turkey the money is promptly returned whenever the message is not allowed to go, but in Spain it is far otherwise. Numerous pilgrimages are necessary from one official to another: "All shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, purse their lips, and assure you that the government allows them no special funds for the purpose. 'Yes, but if you do not forward my message, for which I paid you in advance, you have no right to keep my money.' 'Oh, no! of course not. We are not to blame, you know. You had better see our chief. He is very busy now, but if you call to-morrow, I am sure you can see him.' I spent four days journeying from chief to subordinate, and from subordinate to chief, and at last I received the following satisfactory promise: 'If you will write a petition to the chief of the telegraph, asking that the money be refunded you for the suppressed messages, he will deal with it in due time.' 'What is due time?' I ventured to enquire. 'Well, we cannot promise anything,' said my informant, Señor Perez, 'except that, when the funds allow it, you shall have your money back.' 'But could you, perhaps, say approximately when?' He could not, but another official could, and did—'Any time between two and four months.' 'About three-quarters of an hour to send of a message which might go, and from two to four months to be repaid for one which might not go. How truly characteristic—and how thoroughly exasperating!'"

He Is Extinct.

Canadian Gazette.

The "Little Englander" is extinct in English politics. If you want evidence of the fact you can find it at every election. In the recent contest at Gravesend, for example, the placards of the opposing candidates disclosed a welcome rivalry in devotion to the principle of a united Empire. Conservatives were adjured to "Vote for Ryder and Federation with our Colonies;" and "Vote for Ryder, Empire and world-wide markets."

On the other side the appeal was to "Vote for Runciman and British trade, a strong Navy, Unity and Empire."

There may not be much to choose from here. But we can, at any rate, regard Mr. Ryder's return as ensuring the presence of another strong Imperialist in the House of Commons.

Dean Hole's Views.

Dean Hole, the witty dignitary of Rochester, Eng., has been expressing his views on several social questions. As regards the opening of museums, etc., on Sundays, he says: "It is better for a man to be in a picture gallery than in a public-house. Besides, he is very likely to be benefited by what he sees." His views on total abstinence will not suit some people. "I believe," he says, "that total abstinence is a fine thing for a drunkard, but I don't believe in it for anyone else. I hold with temperance, which means self-control. Teetotalism is a new-fangled doctrine. Every creature of God is good for use; I cannot help it if people abuse some of them." Adverting to the example argument, the Dean, in his own incisive style, said, "I have often challenged teetotalers to produce Mr. Brown converted

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by the example of Mr. Jones, but I am still waiting for him. I don't see why I should make a fool of myself because others do."

"What's good to stop a shed of hair?"
"Have it shingled."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

She (engaged to an Englishman)—Yes, New York is very well, but New Yorkers are raw. He (jealous of the Englishman)—But they get well done when they go abroad.—*Collier's Weekly*.

Dingley was contemplating the purchase of a country place, and had driven his wife out to look at it. "How do you like it?" he asked. "Oh! I'm delighted; its beauty fairly renders me speechless," she replied. "That settles it," rejoined Dingley; "I'll buy it this afternoon, and we'll move out to-morrow."—*Chicago News*.

"How did you like farming in Vermont?" was asked of the Michigan man who went there because told that the bulk of the wealth is in the East. "Oh, I guess it would have been all right only for one thing." "What was that?" "I'll be done of it I'll work ground so hard and rocky that you have to plant wheat with a shotgun."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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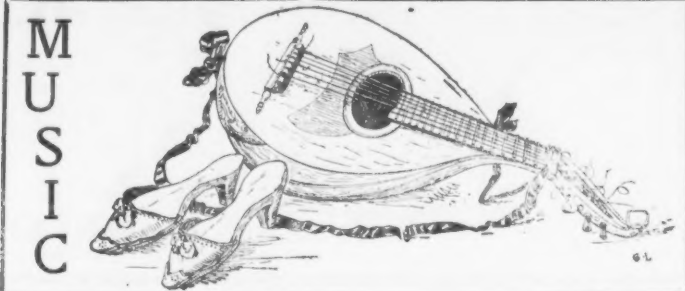
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The public, both in England and America, appear to be growing weary of "artists" who, after a career which offered every opportunity for the acquirements of a fair share of this world's riches, are compelled to appeal to the public for bread and raiment. It appears to be characteristic of a certain type of musicians to believe the world everlastingly indebted to them for something or other, and to imagine that their "artistic" proclivities excuse them from the necessity of paying their bills, or, in short, acting like rational beings instead of, as the public understand the case, like donkeys. Have you, gentle reader, ever met examples of the type mentioned who are ever ready to button-hole any victims who may cross their paths, in order to pour into their ears tales of what they have done in the "cause of the art" and how inadequately, in the opinion of the "artist" who may be indulging himself in thus talking "shop," the world has rewarded him? In his own mind he is too great to have worried about a future possible rainy day and will remind you through sundry foxy hints that in this, as in other respects, "me and Mozart" are of a type, etc., etc. A recent case which has materialized in England of a singer who, during his career, has made and lost several fortunes and who is now an object of charity—subscriptions being received for him in nearly every London music-shop—has occasioned considerable comment. A New York writer reasons as follows concerning the matter: "The artistic temperament, especially the mediocre artistic temperament, is sufficiently disposed naturally to lie down upon anything that will support it. Petted in childhood, spoiled in youth, free-passed in middle age and benefited through the sunset hours—this has already set its mark upon the race, which its 'artistic' relations protect from the label 'dead beat.' The question is, in how far should this be educated? Earth should bow to genius, to creative genius, to sacrificing genius, to the true artist disciple. Trapped in difficulties through which great results may suffer, earth should kneeling feel. But the great herd of musical workers are common communicants; people ambitious, striving, selfish and talented, selling of their wares to the highest bidder, royally paid most of them when their wares are worth while, and royally encouraged and well paid often when handling most inferior articles. Brought up in the legend of artistic protection, they take to themselves the cloak of artistic *laissez aller* and push smiling and insolent into the ranks. Not only so, but smiling and insolent, and flaunting their incapacity for thrift and forethought in the faces of more prudent and careful workers. All do not do this; there are plenty who do. There are no more touching stories on earth than those of the heroic struggles of endowed souls with unforeseen and unpreventable misfortune. Side by side with them are portraits of insolent and gaudy pushers in artistic lines who boldly assert that the world owes them a living and who defy all the logics of prosperity in their drive for the front. But there is another class equally numerous and more pathetic, which without assertion or self confidence drops into the already burdened arms of Fate to be cared for which floats against the current, shuts its eyes when asked to look and see and move logically and reasonably, and sighs languidly with half-shut lids, 'Ah, me; we artists—we are not made to think!' The standard of encouragement raised, the standard of condition should go with it. Except in case of sudden and unexpected misfortune possible to all men, 'artists' should plan, think, devise and arrange their means, pay their way as they go, pay for all legitimate aids to their success, provide assurance and insurance and guarantee their future against unreasonable charity, just as other people are obliged to do." Amen!

From a paper on Appreciation of Singing Artists and Teachers of Vocal Music by Miss Clara Brinkerhoff, which was read before the recent meeting of the Music Teachers' Association at Philadelphia, the following is extracted: "One of the most noted teachers in New York, also a concert singer, once stated in conversation with me that one of her pupils had such bad enunciation in English that she could not let her sing anything but Italian. 'Why, she is not an Italian,' I said: 'why do you not teach her to sing well in English? I suppose you teach her how to pronounce Italian, do you not?' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'but that is different. Why, she has so many faults in English I cannot get her voice to come out at all.' Let no one fall in appreciation of the English language in song, for when it is well studied and well selected by the laws of prosody there is none more noble and dignified or more songable. . . . The power to sing in so many languages equally well has never been surpassed by any singer as the art of Jean de Reszke, which is not only superb in itself, but being ruled by the old Italian method, he does not lose as much by the change of language as most opera singers would in an opera like the Cid, by Massenet, or Siegfried in German. When we give this artist his due we will ask where can we find another singer of tenor roles so varied who gives so much pleasure in all the languages he sings! True appreciation will answer we cannot find one who has so many great gifts in one person, and as a

standard of a true artist Jean de Reszke's name will shine and stand the highest of this period and I hope he will soon come again. There never was a moment that he was pretentious; his presence and influence in any opera company would be of great benefit to art and to the ensemble of artists there. Is this true or merely my individual opinion of him?—after having listened to Tamberlick, Roger, Niemann, Salvi, Tiberini, Sbriglia, Wachtel, Stigolli, Reeves and Mario (of whom I made a long study) and also hosts of others since then. I would like to hear from anyone who knows where are the tenors, American or any other nationality, ready to take de Reszke's place in the roles he sings and plays with such grace. One of our prominent journals objected to this tenor having high terms. Well, why not? English-speaking people have always paid a great deal of money to hear him, like the Czar, to fasten upon the breast, but we have appreciation, and the only way this country can show it is with money, and I am sorry it is so. Money is the criterion here. 'What does it cost?' is the question asked when taste and skill do not inform the questioner without asking. The cost makes it good and valuable, not intrinsic value, as it does in so many other countries where singers like to serve for the cultivated appreciation offered, even if less money is paid for the artist's services. The unknown, audible murmur of appreciation in this country, which is given by the Latin races and others abroad, is the incense and inspiration the singer loves. One is sure he or she has pleased long before the time for vehement applause would be permitted."

The coming season, according to all reports, promises to be rich in the matter of pianists. Emil Sauer, the German pianist, will be the special sensation. He is now 36 years old, was born in Hamburg, and has met with great success in London. He visits this country for the first time and much is expected from him. Anton Rubinstein heard him play when he was 14 years old, and was so impressed with him that he recommended him to his brother Nicholas, who admired him enough to engage him two years later to assist him in his work at Moscow. Here remained in the employ of Nicholas Rubinstein from 1878 to 1881. Then he returned to Germany and made his professional debut at Hamburg. Later he played in other German cities, London, Spain and Italy, and in the winter of 1881 played at Weimar and was praised by Franz Liszt. The next year he made his debut at Berlin with such honors that his European reputation as a pianist of the first rank was established. Authorities from the other side say that he has the customary excess of hair. It is not so long as the hair of some other pianists, but is more disheveled. He is not handsome, is smooth-faced and has regular features. His pictures show him with his lips drawn closely together, as if he were trying to control an overwhelming temperament, or at all events to look as if he were. Sieveking, the muscular Dutchman, will come back, and so will Siloti of Moscow. Rosenthal will return to continue the tour interrupted here by his illness. He will make several appearances in England early in October and will sail from Liverpool on the 15th of that month to remain until May, visiting all the principal cities in the United States. Erl Adelauer has also returned; there is some talk of a visit from Paderewski, and Josef will again appear in concert. Of the violinists there will be Herr Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian, who will stay for the whole season, and M. Henri Marteau, who will remain during the spring only. It is a long way ahead, but Arthur Nikisch's visit to America with the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin in the spring of 1899 is something worth anticipating for a long time.

Mr. Harrison M. Wild, the well known Chicago organist and the successful conductor of the Mendelssohn Club of that city, has been appointed successor to Mr. William Tomlins as conductor of the famous Apollo Choir, an oratorio organization without a rival on this continent. The appointment of Mr. Wild to this important position in preference to any of the large number of domestic and foreign candidates for the vacant post, is thus commented on by the Chicago correspondent of the New York Musical Courier: "That the selection is a favorable one to the generality of musicians is undoubted, as Mr. Wild has always shown himself interested in the welfare of the local artist, and therefore likely to lead his influence where possible to the benefit and betterment of our home people. The selection is also popular with the male element of the Apollo Club, because Mr. Wild has invariably demonstrated sterling qualities, his capacity for work and thorough and complete mastery of detail being almost equal with his profound musicianship. A scholar and a man of broad, liberal education, an artist of the highest calibre—such is the new conductor of the Apollo Club. Mr. Wild will, however, follow in the wake of a man whose intense forcefulness of character and original personality have exercised an extraordinary influence over a vast number of members who will tenaciously cling to the old traditions and who, accustomed for many years to the leadership of Tomlins, will not readily ally themselves to a new conductor. Mr. Wild is a strict disciplinarian, shown by his able management

of the Mendelssohn Club, with its sixty members, and also by the excellent results obtained at Grace Church, where he has given so much satisfaction as organist and conductor. The work done by the choir is of a high standard and is certainly without exception the finest choral work in Chicago."

The season of Wagnerian opera which has just closed in London, England, was one of the most successful and brilliant in the history of the opera in the world's great metropolis. An American paper claims that London has at last surrendered to Wagner, being the last great European capital to do so. It must be remembered, however, that six years ago an equally brilliant and in some respects more remarkable season was given in London by the Hamburg Company under Mahler's direction, a series of performances which totally eclipsed the season of Italian and French opera then being run at the same time, notwithstanding the fact that the world's greatest vocal "stars" were connected with the latter. In fact, so unexpected was the success of the Hamburg Company that the *Musical Times* risked the prophecy, before the rival schools of opera began their respective seasons, that the Hamburg representations would be nothing more important than "side-show" performances as compared with French and Italian season at Covent Garden. The same journal subsequently made amends for its error of judgment by its excellent critical notices of the respective performances of the rival establishments. *Apocryph* of the recent season at Covent Garden, the eminent German conductor, Herr Weingartner, who was present, pays a warm tribute to the splendid effect of the performances as regards the vocal aspect of the representations. Notwithstanding many scenic and orchestral shortcomings and numerous "cuts" in the performances of the *Niebelungen* trilogy, he confessed to pleasurable sensations in the splendid work of the leading "stars" which atoned in large measure for the drawbacks which were so severely commented on by London critics.

A contemporary believes that in music, as in war, success remains with The Man behind the Gun. Commenting on this proposition it reasons as follows: "The naval battles of the Spanish-American war have demonstrated the value of the man behind the gun—i. e., the advantage of trained humanity over the most formidable forts and floating armaments. And in music, executive music, is it not the same thing? The man back of the instrument, be it flute, piano, violin, tympani, larynx or organ, is always the deciding factor, no matter how inferior in quality may be the medium by which he projects his personality upon his hearers. A Paderewski, a Josef, at the keyboard of a poor piano can exert better music than can a mediocrity in front of a Steinway or a Chickering. Jean de Reszke, without possessing but a title of the natural organic advantages of Tamagno, by sheer force of intellect, aided by a highly specialized gift, manages to create an artistic illusion far more enduring value than any performance of the Italian singer. It is the man behind the gun. We have preached the power of personality for years; it is personality that gives to the artist his charm for his audience. Without it reproductive art is a matter of academic tradition, and the gravest defect that may be urged against the conservatory system of Europe is the monotony of pattern revealed in the work of their pupils. They all play alike, whether on the Leschetizky, the Barth or the Bundebrand plan. Cultivate originality and your technique will take care of itself. It is the man behind the gun every time."

Miss Millett and Miss Eileen Millett of Toronto are visiting Mrs. B. Creighton and Miss Vi Creighton, Owen Sound. Miss Eileen Millett, whose vocal performance at the College of Music have given such bright promise for the future, has been giving much pleasure to the people of Owen Sound through her excellent singing. On Sunday evening, July 21, she sang Jude's Just as I Am Without One Plea, in Knys church in that town, before an immense congregation. On the following Tuesday evening Mr. Torrington of Toronto gave a most successful organ recital in the same church and was assisted by his pupil, who sang I Seek for Thee in Every Flower, by Ganz, and With Verdure Clad, by Haydn. Last Sunday evening she again delighted Owen Sounders at St. George's (English) church.

Mr. W. S. Jones of Brookville, who acted as manager for Mr. Watkin Mills last season, is arranging for a Canadian tour of the eminent Chicago tenor, Mr. Holmes Cowper. The Chicago *Musical Times* says of Mr. Cowper's singing: "Seldom does Chicago gather within its musical fold a more beautiful voice than that possessed by Mr. Holmes Cowper, who comes to us from London. A tenor voice wonderfully smooth and musical, meeting fully all demands of the varied programme. . . . Mr. Cowper is further assisted by a very agreeable personality which, with his perfect control of voice, leaves his audience in restful condition, not always the case with singers."

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known Canadian pianist, arrived in the city on Monday morning last after two years' absence in Vienna studying under the eminent master Leschetizky. Mr. Tripp's sojourn abroad seems to have benefited him immensely in ways besides the artistic, judging by his robust appearance.

MODERATO.

Queen Victoria and the Clerk.

THE Queen's first appearance as "head of society" occurred sixty-one years ago, the occasion being a state ball at St. James's Palace, given in honor of her eighteenth birthday. By special command the Princess Alexandra took precedence of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, on that evening, and was heard to remark that she "should have enjoyed herself thoroughly but for the absence of her dear Uncle William and Aunt Adelaide." The poor King, however, was then on his death-bed, which his consort never left until the end, which came just a month later wanting a day.

On the Tuesday following the ball the Princess made her first public utterance when she received the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Kensington, and replied in acknowledgment of an intimation to which she has since become thoroughly accustomed: "I thank you much for your address, and for your kindness, but my mother has really expressed all my feelings." One day, shortly before her accession, the Princess went into a jeweler's shop in the West End, with one attendant, and found the shopman in conversation with another customer, a young girl, who was examining some gold chains. At last she selected one, and asked the price. "I like it, but I cannot possibly afford it," she remarked, and went away.

"Can you tell me the name of that lady?" enquired the coming Queen, as she quietly walked up to the counter. "We are not in the habit of giving up customers' names to strangers, Miss," replied the shopman. The Royal attendant was about to indignantly reveal the identity of her illustrious companion, but the latter made a gesture indicative of silence, and began to quietly turn over some of the trinkets.

Just then a carriage rolled up to the door, the servants in scarlet liveries, and the "counter-jumper," without any apology, rushed off to the door all bows and smiles in anticipated reception of royalty. "Is the Princess ready?" queried the footman. "Princess! Her Royal Highness has not been here," was the reply. "Why, there she is at this moment," said the footman, and, needless to say, the shopman, overwhelmed with confusion, began to stammer out the most profuse apologies for his rudeness. "Oh, never mind," was the quiet response; "I presume that you will tell me the lady's name now?" which he naturally did at once. "Well, you will please send her the chain she admired, and tell her that I wish her to accept it in testimony of my admiration for her conduct in resisting the temptation to purchase an article which she could not properly afford."

The Princess then made a small purchase on her own account and departed. Immediately afterward the owner of the business was informed of the whole *contemps* by another employee, and at once turned the offending shopman off the premises. But three days later he had to pay a fine of £33 for the assault which accompanied that ejection.

The Playful Vicar.

The Vicar certainly had a pretty wit. People said that he was sarcastic, and he

tried to live up to the reputation. But he was not always a success. On one occasion a gentleman came into the church in the middle of the sermon. The Vicar broke off from his discourse and addressed the new-comer: "I am glad to see you, sir. I am always glad to see those late who can't come early."

"Thank you," replied the gentleman, with perfect self-possession. "Would you kindly favor me with the text?"

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Social and Personal.

The At Home and hop given at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last Saturday evening, July 30, was without a doubt a decided success. At 8.30 p.m. the guests of the hotel and invited guests assembled in the spacious dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes entwined with branches of maple leaves, which, combined with the charming gowns of the fair sex, made a pleasing and delightful aspect. The programme, under the able management of Mr. Harry Bennett, opened with a piano selection by Mr. Ernest Bowles of Toronto, followed by Mrs. Major Thompson, who sang very sweetly; then Master Bert Thompson gave a marvelous exhibition of club swinging. Miss Richardson gave readings. Mr. Harold Crane was in excellent voice. Miss Detta Zeigler of Berlin, soprano, sang with good effect. Mr. Harry Bennett, in his usual jolly style, rendered a number of his comic selections, which put everyone in good humor. A dance followed the concert, after which refreshments were served by the genial host, Mr. Tasker. At the close all expressed themselves delighted with the evening's entertainment. There will be a concert and dance given Saturday evening of this week for the benefit of the guests. On Friday evening of next week (August 12) a concert will be tendered to Mr. Harry Bennett by the ladies as a mark of appreciation for the able manner in which he conducted all entertainments. Some of Toronto's leading talent will take part. Dancing will also be indulged in.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kebie Merritt are in pension at The Lennox, Buffalo's swell new house in North street.

The engagement of Dr. Edmond St. George Baldwin of 86 St. George street, and Miss Montizambert, sister of Dr. Montizambert, is announced. The marriage will, I hear, take place in September.

The regatta next week will make the water-front gay and be an event of the summer. Oarsmen from many parts of the States are coming, and the Argonauts will be glad of the chance to give hospitality to visitors. All the other clubs will also welcome the strangers, but as far as generosity goes, I hear the line is to be drawn in the matter of victories. Certainly Toronto sportsmen will try hard enough to keep and win all they can. The recent trip to Philadelphia has but whetted the appetite of some.

Mr. Sherris of the Traders' Bank has been out of town on his fortnight's vacation.

Mr. Hague of the Merchants' Bank, and Mrs. Hague leave next week for a vacation on the St. Lawrence.

All the world seems to like a circus. On Monday the streets were crowded with procession-viewers, and the tents were thronged with a great mass of all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, evidently enjoying the spectacles.

Mr. Ernest Cattanach is visiting friends at Georgian Bay. Rev. T. C. Street Macklem and Mrs. Macklem are also in that charming region, and have had Mr. Heathcote recently as their guest.

The Misses Patterson of Roxboro' avenue have returned from a trip to Duluth by water, which they enjoyed very much.

Mrs. Archibald, who has been in pension at the Arlington, left this week for a trip to Halifax, and will later go to Boston and New York.

Mr. MacMahon, a citizen from the neighboring republic, has purchased that fine new residence in St. George street between Mr. Melvin-Jones and Mr. Walter Barwick's houses. Mr. and Mrs. MacMahon will occupy their new home this autumn.

Mr. Stephen Haas left this week for Europe. Mrs. Haas and the babies will remain at the seaside for the month of August.

Mr. R. Mathison, president of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, Ont., was elected vice-president of the American Association of Instructors of the Deaf at the annual election of Officers held at Columbus, Ohio, on Monday last.

Mr. Sam Samuel of 312 Bathurst street returned on Tuesday from a trip through the Maritime Provinces. Mr. W. H. Hunter of 384 Bathurst street has returned from a trip up north.

Miss Hazard and Miss Louise Hazard of Parkdale returned home last week after a very enjoyable holiday spent at Grimsby Park.

Mr. W. J. McDonald has left for his usual holiday in Muskoka.

Mrs. Vincent Porter of Niagara Falls, N.Y., has been one of the visitors by the boat this week, and was the welcome guest of her mother, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Bedford road. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is now visiting her daughter, Mrs. Farncombe, at Rednersville.

Mr. Frank Hodgins has had the pleasure of a visit from his son, Mr. Hodgins of the Imperieuse, who is looking splendidly, and rejoined his ship this week.

Miss Beatrix Hamilton, Miss Carrie Lash and Miss Lys Winlow have had a most delightful summer concert-touring in the North-West. Of their journey Miss Lash writes: "It has been a most interesting trip, for we have seen the country under circumstances which the usual mode of travel does not permit. We have ridden on Pullmans, first class cars, observation cars, caboose of freight, flat cars, engine cabs and cow-catchers, by special permission of the superintendent, and have taken advantage of the privilege according to the weather, time of day, our own feeling, or the scenery we were passing." Truly a fine experience for these bright girls. A concert at Banff was given

in the C.P.R. hotel salon. This week the young ladies are again in Banff and have promised to give another concert. They report the most kind hospitalities everywhere, and requests for concerts on their return trip. They will be home next week.

Mrs. Winthrop, a very handsome actress from the States, and her young son, are visiting at Hanlan's Point. She is in pension at Stranaduff.

Miss Marietta La Dell, the elocutionist, is meeting with much success east. Last week she gave three recitals in St. John's, Nfld., to very large audiences, which were given under the patronage of Sir Herbert Murray and party. The St. John's Telegram, in speaking of Miss La Dell's work, among many very flattering remarks, says: "Undoubtedly Miss La Dell is the best entertainer that has visited our shores."

Dr. R. Gordon McLean is resting for two weeks at Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

Mrs. D. H. McLean is summering at Oakville with her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. D. Cranston of Galt.

Mr. F. Townshend Southwick, the great New York teacher of elocution, will pass through Toronto on his way to Pigeon Lake early next week.

The counter attraction of Main's circus did not, as was foretold, interfere with the attendance at the Yacht Club dance. In fact, more people were there, I am told, than at any previous assembly.

Senor and Senora Angola, who were for some time in pension at the Rossin, recently took a house in Dunn avenue, Parkdale. Senor Angola was commissioner for the autonomous government of Cuba at Washington. The Senora is a Cuban, but Senor Angola is a Spaniard, typical in appearance and not very adept at English. Both are growing very popular with the genial Parkdallians.

Mr. George Ashworth is away camping with a party at James Bay. Capt. Harry Wyatt has just returned from a yachting trip to Henderson's Bay, Lake Ontario, on the Oriole. Handsome Harry becomes a coat of tan better than any other Brownie in town.

Mr. William Ogilvie left on the noon train on Thursday en route for the Yukon, accompanied by his two sons, Dr. J. N. E. Brown and Mr. Jack Lithgow. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose and Mrs. Fletcher saw the party off, with Rev. G. F. Sherwood and Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Dr. J. P. Uren, Mr. Lithgow, Mr. R. G. Somerville and Mr. Howard Ames of Whitby.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has gone to Ottawa to execute some commissions for portraits of prominent persons.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Atkinson and their children are at Glenora, Hanlan's Point. Mr. Leclair Atkinson, who has had a severe attack of appendicitis, is almost quite well again.

Mrs. Darley Grasset of Chicago is visiting her sister, Mrs. Spence, Center Island.

Mrs. Harry Armstrong is visiting her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong, at Rendezvous, Hanlan's Point.

Major Villiers Sankey is away off near Hudson Bay on a big survey. Mrs. Sankey and the children are at their Island residence.

J. Trancé-Armand leaves to-day for New York, and from there to the sea side.

Miss Ethel Anderson, daughter of Registrar Anderson of Arthur, has been spending a week at Salmon Island, Stony Lake, the guest of Mrs. Campbell, wife of

A refreshing beverage.

Water doesn't seem to quench the thirst these hot summer days. What is more, it is hard to get good drinking water. A most refreshing and invigorating beverage for the warm days is a teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a tumbler of water. It braces you up, and fits you to stand the oppressive heat—makes you feel like work even on the hottest days. It is health-giving, too—regulates the system and tones the appetite.

Sold by druggists everywhere at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

The Canada Lancet says: "This preparation deserves every good word which is being said of it."

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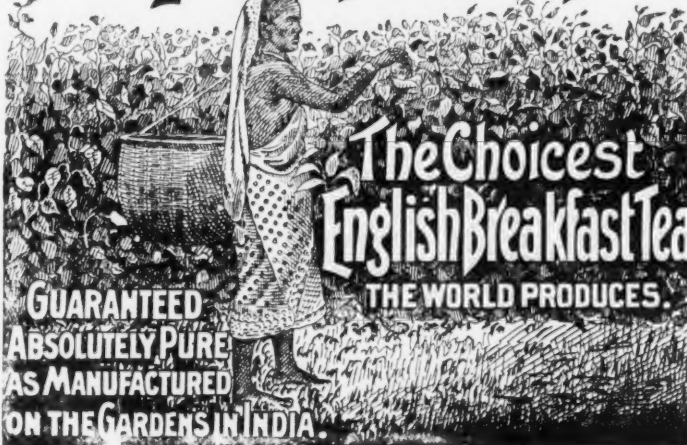
always finds satisfaction in our goods. There's a nicety of finish and carefulness of detail shown that commands immediate approval. An inspection of our special lines of 12-ounce unlined Silk Coats and Vests at \$4.50 and \$5.00 will be very pleasing to you.

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We are just now closing out some lines of beautiful CUT GLASSWARE at a liberal discount off regular wholesale prices.

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Mr. W. A. F. Campbell, barrister, Norwood, and daughter of Mr. J. B. Pearce, Warden for County Peterborough. As a hostess Mrs. Campbell is one of the most charming at Stony Lake this season, who, with her popular young friends, will be much missed from the "familiar haunts" this coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stone, 661 Huron street, returned home from their trip to Europe on Thursday.

Miss Flo Stevenson has returned from Burlington Beach, where she has been spending her summer vacation with some of her numerous friends.

Mrs. and Miss Walker from Austin, Texas, are spending the summer at Shandon House, Anne street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stubbs and their daughter, Florence, and Mr. A. L. Struthers, Guelph, spent Sunday and Monday with the latter's parents.

Miss F. M. Cousineau, daughter of Mr. F. X. Cousineau of Toronto, is now spending her holidays in company with Madam Rochereau of Paris at Hotel des Salines, Bex, Switzerland. She describes this place as a delightful spot for summer holidays, except some days being uncomfortably warm. She leaves shortly to visit Lyons, Lourdes and other points, and will return to Paris about the end of August, where she will spend a few days and will then go to England and spend the month of September with her uncle, Mr. Thomas Watt, of South Kensington, London.

This Sort of Thing!

The Watertown Times prints an interview with Lewis B. Young, who has returned wounded from the front of Santiago. Mr. Young describes the admiration in which "Teddy" Roosevelt is held by his men, and quotes an interesting interview had with one of the Rough Riders.

"He don't say 'Go on boys,'" said the trooper, "but he yells 'Come on, boys!' at the top of his voice, and he leads them. You'll find him right up in front. O, that yell of his! A steam whistle is a whisper by comparison. He has got a yell 'I'll bet

is awe-inspiring, and every time a Spaniard caught 'em full in the face he dropped his gun and ran until he was winged, and those that wasn't winged are runnin' yet."



SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

THE Housewife who is connoisseur for the best food for her family, is a "chick" herself, is not stewing over a stove this hot weather, but is providing the already cooked Shredded Wheat Biscuit, fruit, milk and cream—perfect food for any meal in the day. When you eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit you secure all the food properties that there are, and all you could get, suited for nutrition, if you ate all the kinds of food in existence. All these properties are in the correct proportions to build and sustain, under normal conditions, all the elements of the body. Send name on postal, mentioning SATURDAY NIGHT, for our booklet, "SUMMER SUGGESTIONS." Free. It gives valuable advice as to Summer Feeding, and Choice Recipes for the use of Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

NEW ERA COOKING SCHOOL Worcester, Mass.

SUMMER RESORTS.

QUEEN'S HOTEL AND COTTAGES
ROYAL NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE
The Newport of Canada
Open from June to September
Special rates for family parties.
Golf, Tennis, Cycling, Boating, Bathing, Fishing.
Dances every Saturday Evening. McGaw & WINSSETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara. 61

A Charming Summer Resort...
Hotel Hanlan TORONTO ISLAND

If Tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, "Where shall we spend the summer?" would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.
M. A. THOMAS, Manager.
F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

HANLAN'S POINT

CIVIC HOLIDAY
Baseball MORNING AFTERNOON

FREE OPEN AIR PERFORMANCES
Roof Garden Afternoon and Evening

Prospect House

PORT SANDFIELD
MUSKOKA LAKES
This well known family hotel is now open. Accommodation for 200 guests.
Send for Illustrated Circular and rates.
ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

Hotel Chautauqua

and Lakeside
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE
The hotel is now open for the reception of guests.
Bus and from all trains and boats.
J. TASKER, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

A Summer Rest

Will do you and your family good. You'll be happy here, where we have everything for human comfort. Pure air, pure water, pure food. Fresh milk, fruit and vegetables, produced on the farm owned by the proprietor. Liberal table. Fishing, boating and bathing. For terms apply to
M. WOODS, 56
Woodington House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

THE RETREAT

MISS J. E. HOLTON, Proprietress
P. O. Address, Rosseau, Muskoka
Terms on application.

Robinson House

BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE
Nine Miles from Barrie.
Splendid fishing and bathing, and lovely cool walks through the pine groves. House now open. Steamer Conqueror connects with train at Barrie. Good table, furnished with abundance of milk and cream. Rates, \$5 per week; nurses, \$1.50; children, \$1. For particulars, write J. Adamson, Big Bay Point, or call on W. Paul, Board of Trade.

Peninsular Park Hotel

BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE
The hotel, under the personal supervision of Mr. Albert Williams, the celebrated caterer of the "Hub," Toronto, is now open for the reception of guests.
Our own boats meet all trains at Barrie.
Rates—\$2.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. Special rates to families.
M. McCONNELL, 46 Colborne Street, Toronto.
ALBERT WILLIAMS, Manager.

Where to Spend My Vacation . . .

To have a Pleasant Outing Amusements Good Accommodation
THE MONTEITH HOUSE
ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA 57

MILFORD BAY HOUSE

This famous family resort is situated on Milford Bay, Lake Muskoka. Has accommodation for eighty guests. Daily mail. 10-11 office on premises. Terms, \$7 per week; \$1.25 per day. Special rates for families. Address—JOHN J. BARNES, Barnesdale P. O., Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Barnesdale House, LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA
Good accommodation for fifty guests. Only a short distance from Six Mile and Honeoye Lakes. Good roads to Crane and Blackstone. Safe bathing for ladies and children. Post office on the premises. Rates, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for families. Address—JOHN J. BARNES, Barnesdale P. O., Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

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Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$5.
Good set, \$4.
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ALL WORK NEARLY PAINLESS AND GUARANTEED

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Diamond Rings

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etc.; put up in quarts, pints, half-pints, and siphons. Phone your order to No. 3004
Office and works, 317-319 Sherbourne Street.

Tom from Green's
We have six private rooms on the ground floor used exclusively for ladies and children's hair cutting, singeing, shampooing and dressing. This is our price list:
Bangs cut and curled 15c.
Hair cut and singed 25c.
Hair cut, singed and shampooed 30c.
Hair-dressing is a specialty with us.
Tom from Green's 349 YONGE STREET
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From the very day of its introduction of

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Style L

Piano it became popular. Up till the present time, there has been an incessant demand for this instrument. This particular style is noted for its brilliancy of tone, a tone peculiarly its own. Pure and clear, yet sympathetic and lasting. It will be interesting to you to see this handsome piano.

TORONTO WAREHOUSES: 117 King St. West

Hercules Wire Beds

mean perfection in bed-comfort. The interlacing wires make beds more resilient and twenty times stronger than any other make. Prices moderate. For sale by most furniture dealers. Buy Hercules Camp Beds.

The Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co.

Social and Personal.

Mr. J. H. Pearce, Mus. Bac., organist and choirmaster of St. Philip's church, who has been spending his vacation in London, England, has returned to the city.

Guests at Monteith House, Rosseau, are: Mr. Robert Thomas, the Misses Thomas, Mrs. Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Miss Brand, Dr. Trow, Mr. Jos. H. Leach, Mr. Morgan Smith, Mrs. J. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Clapperton, Mr. C. Wrench of Toronto; Mr. Wm. Murray, Mr. C. S. Murray, Mr. John Murray, Mr. M. H. Leggett of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Biggs of Rochester, Mr. P. J. Deimer of Cleveland, Mr. A. C. Crawford, Pittsfield, Ill.; Mrs. and Miss F. L. Pinch, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Now, Mr. and Mrs. James Now, Mr. Arthur Now, Mr. Emerson Now, Mrs. Ray of Stratford, Ont.; Mr. J. W. Davis, Mr. R. Veit, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. F. Wallace, Master Wallace Wood, the Misses Wallace, Miss Ramsey, Miss Roberts of Woodbridge; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lloyd, Newmarket; Miss Curtis, Blyth; Miss McMurchie, Mr. W. Brydson, Clinton; Mr. A. Mahaffy, Milton; Mr. L. Bucher, Montreal; Miss J. M. Smith, Miss M. H. Smith, Pittsburg; Mr. and Mrs. S. Austin, Detroit; Mr. T. K. Pool, Thelford; and Mr. J. H. Stewart, Park Hill.

The Girl Visitor.

Requirements of the Successful Summer Girl.

A GIRL to be a successful summer visitor needs to be picturesque. She must fit in with the landscape. Her clothes must be simple and dainty. She must look well in golfing and bicycle suits. She must not have a habit of saying sharp things, and she must make other girls like her, whether or not boys do. A girl who likes boys only gets on at a hotel better than in a family. Next to being picturesque, she needs to be strong and well, so that she can play golf, walk, ride a bicycle and talk all day long without being tired. Above all must she be sportsmanlike in character. Take whatever comes without scrapping, and not complain that some one than herself would not have won unless she had a handicap. As in the game of golf, so in that in social life—somebody must be beaten that someone else may win.

The summer visitor must have good piazza manners and know how to perch on a piazza railing without looking like an athlete, and to lounge in a corner without seeming to invite flirtation, and to get in and out of a hammock like a bird seeking or leaving its nest. Then she must know how to talk through a megaphone and look through a telescope.

The summer girl visitor should know how to arrange flowers without making a fuss about having the right kind of dishes for them, how to make salad dressing and soda lemonade, the coffee or chowder at a picnic, and how to trim another girl's hat out of nothing. She should be friendly with the servants and not expect them to do her laundry or burnish her silver toilet articles, and she should always take her own shoe-polish with her and a paper of pins.

Just because life is so much freer in the summer than in the winter must she always be on good terms with herself as to temper and neatness. If she can't be jolly, she should stay—not at home—but camp out by herself. Of course, useful guests are always convenient, but often, also, they are bores; hard to entertain,

See That



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TRADE MARK
WHOLESALE TEA.
Pure tea, tea that is full of body and fragrance, tea that strengthens, that is the tea which is packed in Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets.

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Whether you buy the 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. or \$1.00 per lb. grades of Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, you have the

...BEST OF TEA VALUES

Sold only in ½ and 1 lb. air tight lead packets.

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of the Suit Case

ARE...
CONVENIENCE IN PACKING AND CARRYING
CLOTHES DO NOT CRUSH, and
ECONOMY OF SPACE



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— Ont.

sensitive and suspicious; summer is not the time for nerves.

When a woman asks a girl to visit her it is not because she needs a seamstress or a maid, but because she wants some one to make the house attractive (as she is growing old) and to bring people to it. Every woman likes to have her home a center. So the summer visitor must know how to make herself agreeable to her hostess and host and to all their children, friends and relatives, that the piazza shall always be full of people. When a girl asks another girl to visit her she wants someone with whom she can be intimate, who is popular, so girls and boys will come around, but who likes girls best, and who can sing second or play accompaniments, go to drive with her father, start games and "make things go generally" without being boss herself.

The very best kind of girl visitor knows when to go off by herself, when not to talk but listen, and when to appear as if she did not know "things" (family fuses, girls' moods, etc.), which she really does know. She is unconscious that she is the rare girl who knows how to do everything just the right way and to be graceful and true in doing it.

The Foundation of Health.

The daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will keep you in constant good health. Sold by druggists everywhere. Abbey's Effervescent Salt is endorsed and prescribed by physicians of Great Britain, Europe and Canada.

For the Summering Out Days.

These are days when nothing's so comfortable for a gentleman to wear as a flannel suit at the watering-place or where a nightdress is at all permissible—whether for lounging or in out-of-door sports. Then for dinner there's the dressy tuxedo, almost a necessity for evenings at such fashionable summering-places as one goes to, say at Muskoka or over the Niagara way. These special garments are becoming more the vogue, and Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is perhaps above all other fashioners able to direct you in what is desirable and becoming in summer outing dress for gentlemen.

Epigrams of the Present War.

Philadelphia Call.
Here are some of the epigrammatic sayings of the present war that will go down in history:
"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."—Bill Anthony of the Maine.
"Suspend judgment."—Captain Sigbee's first message to Washington.
"We will make Spanish the court language of hules."—"Fighting Bob" Evans, when war was declared.
"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.
"Don't hamper me with instructions;

I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Captain Clark of the Oregon to the Board of Strategy.

"You can fire when you are ready, Gridley."—Commodore Dewey at Manila.

"To hell with breakfast; let's finish 'em now."—A Yankee gunner to Commodore Dewey.

"The battle of Manila killed me; but I would do it again."—Captain Gridley of the Olympia on his deathbed.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry of Germany.

"I've got them now, and they will never get home."—Commodore Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.

"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieutenant Hobson to Admiral Sampson.

"Don't mind me, boys; go on fighting."—Capt. Allyn K. Capron of the Rough Riders.

"Don't swear, boys; shoot."—Colonel Wood to the Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine."—Captain Sigbee, as he fired a shot through the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.

"Shafter is fighting, not writing."—Adjutant-General Corbin to Secretary Alger when the latter asked for news from the front.

"War is not a picnic."—Sergt. Hamilton Fish of the Rough Riders to his mother.

"Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"—Capt. Bucky O'Neill of the Rough Riders.

"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I'll close in."—Lieutenant Wainwright of the Gloucester in the fight with Cervera's squadron.

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."—Captain Philip of the Texas.

"I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God the Father Almighty."—Captain Philip of the Texas.

"The Maine is avenged."—Lieutenant Wainwright after the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

Crinoline Again.

New York Herald.
There is only one consolation to offer to the woman who must don this crinoline or be out of the fashion, and that is that all the old revived styles have come back to us so modified that we have found them quite charming. The crinoline is surely coming in fashion. The new style of skirt demands a well fitting petticoat, and not a cheap petticoat, either. Most of the skirts are extended by the use of feather-bone, and some of the skirts have feather-bone all the way from the hem to the waist, following in outline the flounces attached to the skirt. In a word, the new style of petticoat is exactly like the old

11 Years of Progress

Reasons: No bolts, rods or packing. Light, durable, perfect finish of castings. Stand a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch. Free, positive, quick circulation of heat. Fit curves, circles, angles. You can't buy better than the "best" there is or can be.

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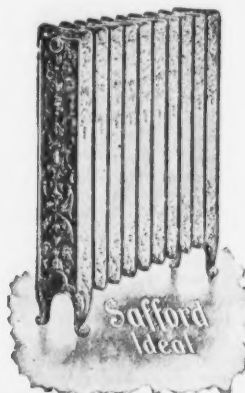
The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited

FORMERLY

The TORONTO RADIATOR MFG. CO., Limited

Toronto, Ont.

FREE BOOK ALL ABOUT THEM—FOR A POST CARD



There is an old saying, but a good one: "You can't stand still—you must either progress or go backwards." Leaky Radiators are relics of an old-fashioned past—the Safford Radiator has screw nipple connections and can't leak.

It is the result of progressive action on the part of the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag. It is the original invention in pipe-threaded connections for Radiators. Eleven years of progress mark its supremacy—its achievements. It has withstood the unequalled test of time.

Summer is delightful when one is provided with a

Gendron Bicycle

with Buckeye Tires

style hoopskirt, except that it is covered with material instead of being a network of wires. To those who stop to think it will appear a strange coincidence that the hoopskirt in vogue at the time of the civil war should have been laid aside until the present war.

The thing for the sensible woman to do is to wage earnest and effective war against long skirts and crinolines.

A Bad Failing, Too.

"I understand," said Willie Wilkinson, "that Mr. Haylow has no bad habits."
"Only one," replied Miss Peppar.
"What is that?"
"Footing that he hasn't any."

Can Character or Destiny be Read?

What the shape of one's head or the lines on one's hand reveal as to one's character, disposition, etc., is not often dreamed of, and most people are going around with some very palpable signs hanging out, being at the same time confident they themselves are mysteries to their fellow-beings. It is doubtful, too, if the scepticism expressed towards the claims of phrenology and palmistry is honest. A good method of proving that there is a great deal in these sciences is to visit Prof. O'Brien of 401 Jarvis street. If he cannot convince you that you are not an unreadable sphinx he can present you with a few surprises. A representative of this paper visited him recently and was furnished with an accurate outline character sketch. The Professor has many prominent names of persons whom he has read, and his ability is certainly very marked.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WATSON—At 98 Dunn avenue, August 2, the wife of G. E. Watson—a daughter, STARR—Kingston, Aug. 1, Mrs. D. E. Starr a son.
SULLIVAN—July 30, J. M. Sullivan—a son, MCKENNA—Cookstown, July 28, Mrs. J. McKenna—a son.
Keele—Lennon—a son.
CASSELL—Oshawa, Aug. 2, Mrs. Larratt G. Cassels—a son.
MACNAB—Colborne, Aug. 2, Mrs. Edmund A. Macnab—a daughter.
HORNING—Colborne, July 31, Mrs. L. E. Horning—a daughter.

Marriages.

FISHER—JOHNSON—July 30, J. M. Fisher to Elizabeth Harding Johnson.
NORRIS—Hogart—a St. Catharines, July 27, Robert T. Norris to Susie H. Hogart.
KEITH—HAYLOW—Dallousie, N.B., August 2, George A. Keith to Bessie Haddow.

Deaths.

GILES—Suddenly, of internal hemorrhage, on July 31, at the residence of her father, 19 Bond street, city, Clara Louise, beloved wife of W. T. Giles, and only daughter of Dr. E. J. Barrick.
DOWNES—August 4, 1898, at 215 Wellesley street, Toronto, Theresa Ethel (Tressie)

beloved daughter of George and Cecilia Downes. Funeral private.
CHILD—July 28, Emily A. Childs, aged 85.
DOUGLAS—July 27, Marion McTaggart Douglas, aged 75.
REID—July 28, Eleanor Reid.
FARRELL—July 21, Margaret Foster Farrell, aged 54.
PARKER—July 29, Alfred Parker, aged 57.
SHEPPARD—July 29, Eliza Sheppard, aged 61.
PRICE—August 3, Henry Ferrier Price, aged 65.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer

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Seasonable Suggestions

With Special Inducements Are Offered:

TORONTO TO

Sault, Ste. Marie and return - \$14.50

Pt. Arthur or Ft. William and return 26.50

Duluth and return - - - 29.50

The route is via Canadian Pacific Railway to Owen Sound, thence one of the Palace Steamships, "Alberta," "Albion," or "Manitoba" of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line.

Tickets to other points are on sale at corresponding reductions.

For full particulars and tickets call upon any Canadian Pacific Agent, or

C. E. McPHERSON,

Assistant General Passenger Agent,

1 King Street East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TORONTO CIVIC HOLIDAY

... MONDAY, AUGUST 8th, 1898

Return tickets at single first-class fare will be issued on Saturday, August 6; Sunday, August 7; Monday, August 8; to all stations in Canada. Valid to return until Tuesday, August 9, 1898.

For the Muskoka Lakes Association Annual Regatta at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, Monday, August 8, a special Muskoka express train will leave Hamilton Saturday, August 6, at 2.30 p.m. (via Toronto); Toronto at 3.45 p.m. for Muskoka wharf, making close connection with special train of M. N. Co. for all principal points on the Muskoka Lakes. Returning, a special steamer will leave Port Sandfield about 1 a.m. Tuesday, August 9, for Muskoka wharf, connecting with special passenger train (with Pullman car attached) at Muskoka wharf for Toronto, arriving in Toronto about 8 a.m., connecting with 9 a.m. train for Hamilton and principal points east.

Full information at Toronto Ticket Offices—1 King Street West, Union Station, Queen Street East, North and South Parkdale.

M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.